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JOB PRINTING

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Worship in the Woods.

How rich the embroidered carpet spread,
On either side the common way;
Azure and purple, gold and red,
Russet and white, and green and gray,
With shades between,
Woven with light in looms unseen.

The dandelion's disk of gold,
With luster decks the meadows green,
And multiplied a million fold,
The daisy lights the verdant scene;
The blue mint's plumes
Invite the bees to their perfumes.

A wrinkled ribbon seems the road,
Unspooled from silent hills afar;
Rest, like an angel, lifts the load
And in my path lets down the bar,
And here it brings
A lease of life on healing wings.

The summer leisure of the cloud
That wanders with its trumpeter,
The wind, is mine; no wrangling crowd
Annoys the humble worshiper
In the white tent
Beneath a listening firmament.

Up-floating on the ambient air,
Sweet songs of sacred music rise,
And now a voice distinct in prayer,
Like the lark's hymn, reaches the skies,
And the "Amen"
Is echoed from the hills and glen.

The wood a vast cathedral seems,
Its dome the overarching sky;
The light, through trembling branches streams
From open windows lifted high;
Under the firs
Soft shadows shield the worshipers.

—*George W. Bungay, in Our Continent.*

ONE MAN'S HEART.

A long, dusty street lay white and hot under an unshaded August sun. The closely-cut lawns were bright and green where the water had been thrown upon them from the hydrants and hose in the yards, but the bits of grass along the sidewalks were dusty and withered. The leaves on the trees drooped in the noontide glare, and seemed to be mutely appealing to the cloudless sky for moisture and coolness. Not a breath of air stirred anywhere as far as one could see; all nature seemed waiting in a painful pause for a relief for which there seemed no hope.

Far down the western horizon, it is true, there was a long line of dark clouds, but it was a hint, rather than a promise, of the cooling rain which the city needed—a thought written in the heavens, impalpable and shadowy, rather than a threat, of what Nature might do when the silent powers of the air were loosened.

Of human life the scene showed little. In all the long street there were only two persons to be seen. Closed blinds protected the inmates from the almost furnace heat, and no business was being done the need of which was not imperative. Two men, however, were in sight.

The first one lay stretched in a hammock on the piazza of the largest and most pretentious house on the street. His clothing was of the latest style—fresh, cool, comfortable. The face which was looking up at the vine overhead was a handsome one. The book which had fallen to the floor was an expensive one. Everything around him spoke of wealth and happiness.

The other man, coming up the shadeless street, walked wearily. His clothing was coarse, and in many places it was patched; in some it was ragged. His face and his garments were covered with dust. His hair was long and hung over his forehead. His beard was rough and uneven. He was a man who would have been plain anywhere, and who looked his worst that afternoon as he came on through the dust. He had walked for blocks scarcely looking to the right or left, and there was a look in his eyes that might have seemed anger, or might have seemed despair, according to the nature and the observing powers of one who looked at him.

"Once more," he said—"once more and then—"

He opened the gate of the yard before the house where the man lay in the hammock. The man on the piazza swung himself down and stood at the top of the steps waiting for the tramp.

"Well," he said. The tone was not encouraging.

"Well," answered the other. There was more in the tone than one could get at once. All the emotions of which the human heart is capable seemed to have stood by in the soul of the wretched man and aided in shaping the thought before the lips said "Well."

"What can I do for you?"

"Give me money. I want money."

"What is your story?"

"No matter what my story is; never mind my past—or my future either. See what I am. Do you want to invest in the gratitude of a man like me? Is there any possibility of your needing it again?"

"You are hungry?"

The question was a useless one, for the man had the look of one half-starved; but the well-dressed and well-fed man on the steps had been used to hearing the plea of hunger put forward at once, and its omission puzzled him.

"Yes, I am hungry. You've been told by men who shun labor and who travel through the country living on their own vices and the misplaced sympathy of the good of their hunger. They have lied. But I am hungry. I'll not tell you how many hours I've been without food. I'll not deny that the last dime I had went for brandy. But for it I should have died before reaching here. I need food—yes, and drink too. I need money."

The man on the steps put his hand in his pocket.

"How much do you need?"

"I'll tell you," with desperation. "I have to say what you've often heard before. If you give me a dime I shall spend five cents for food and five for liquor. I shall rest a little here, and then I shall go on again to tell another man to-morrow the story I have told you to-day. I shall reach my journey's end some day, and you will have been one to help me, and I shall remember it with thanks. But you've asked me what I need. More than I expect, more—much more—than I dare hope."

And the man took his eyes from the face of the one on the steps, and instead of looking at the dirty street, his glance rested for a moment on the railroad station in sight in the distance.

"Well, how much?"

"If I had ten dollars I wouldn't ask anything better in this world;" then, a little fiercely: "I am not sure I'd ask anything in the next. I'd sell myself to you for ten dollars."

The rich man smiled, for the first time in the whole interview, and said: "I flatter myself I am better than some men you might find, men with less money, too, and I haven't so very much—"

"How much?" The question was abrupt, but perfectly respectful; the tramp was evidently gaining a hope which he would not have dared to entertain a half hour before.

"A matter of ten thousand dollars or so. Of course, the house here isn't mine. But I could afford—afford. But I couldn't afford to be cheated." There was doubt and sudden suspicion in the last sentence.

"On my word and honor as a—pshaw, what does it signify? I have not lied to you. Give me what you will. My thanks will be as true and genuine for little as for much."

The man on the steps took his hand from his pocket and laid a ten-dollar gold piece in the hand of the dusty man standing one step below him.

"I never gave a penny to a beggar. I never gave food to a tramp. But you have the ten dollars now. Keep it. But, tell me now, are you an ordinary man?"

"I'll finish my sentence now, sir. On my honor as a gentleman, I have told you the truth and I've acted the truth. It was a question of life and death. I looked at the river as I crossed the bridge. Suppose I had not come here; suppose—suppose—" He said the words dreamily, but with a shudder. Then he turned to the rich man again, for the last words he had said to himself alone. "You have given me life, not food; a future, not money. If ever I can be of service to you I will be; if ever I can repay the debt of to-day—of course, I don't mean the mere money—I will do it. I swear I will do it. What is your name? Tell me your age—your business. It may be I shall some time find you again."

The man on the top step took a card from his pocket and wrote a line on it in pencil. The tramp took it and read in print: "Paul Hudson, Druggist, Lakeville." And in pencil, "Twenty-four years of age."

"I should like to shake your hand, if you please."

"Certainly," said Paul Hudson.

As the tramp walked down the path to the street, Paul Hudson watched him.

"'The quality of mercy is not strained.' But that fellow has strained ten dollars out of my pocket. 'It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven.' And sure enough it is beginning to rain. 'It is twice blessed.' Well, I'll be hanged if I know whether it is or not."

And Paul Hudson went into the house.

II.

A young man sat in the well-cushioned seat of a palace sleeper and watched the snow fall slowly through the darkening air at the near close of a brief December day. Strong but not graceful; noble-looking, not handsome; richly dressed, but not in a manner to attract notice; a face which spoke of sorrow, and on which there seemed to be the seal of peace, rather than what could be possibly called happiness. This was the man who watched the earth bending the shoulders of the hills to the white robe in which nature was wrapping it against the fierce cold of coming winter.

A certain article in a newspaper by his side seemed to claim the attention of the young man. He took it up and read it for the tenth time at least.

Let us read it, too.

"A LUCKY MAN.—Many of our readers have heard of the great case between Smith and Robinson, which has been before the courts in one form or another for more than twenty five years. The last court decided it yesterday, and for the last time. The decision is absolutely final. The Robinson side has won. The Smiths and Robinsons who were interested at first are all dead. In fact, the Robinson family which was interested years ago is now extinct, and the property goes to a distant heir. The lawyer who took the case years ago when he was a young man was satisfied of the justice of the claims of the Robinson family, and has worked for years without pay and without instructions. And in his old age he has won. Deducting all expenses, there remains a balance of some $50,000, which goes to Mr. Richard Robinson, of this city. Mr. Robinson received the news of his good luck to-day. He did not know that anything had been done in the case for years; he did not know that deaths among distant relatives had left him the only heir. It was a complete surprise to him. An imperative invitation comes from Mr. Milton Muckle, the lawyer, who has clung to the case for so long, and Mr. Robinson, who yesterday was a poor clerk on five hundred a year, is now one of the richest men in our little city, and to-morrow he leaves us to remain for a time the guest of the lawyer of whom he had until to-day never even heard."

The young man leaned back in his seat and looked thoughtful.

(Doubtless the reader who has just read of the lucky man would himself look thoughtful if his name were Richard Robinson.)

If Robinson's fortune had come to him ten years before, life, which had always been hard, would always have been easy. Five years ago he could have won love if he could have made a home, or, rather, could have won love if he had tried, and would have tried if luck, or fate, or something had not been against him in every venture he made in the courts of fickle Fortune. A few years ago and he could have given comforts to a loved mother, to whom he could now render no other service than to beautify the place where she was to rest in dreamless sleep "until the judgment." Five months ago and toil, privation, despair had not been his. But at thirty-five life holds a great deal for any man who has a strong body and an honest soul, whatever sorrow and disappointments may have done for him in the past. So this man sat thinking of his money, of the happiness it would bring him, of the good he could do with it; and this despite the fact that his face could never look quite happy again. For peace—not happiness—was, as we said, the sign and seal which good fortune had set upon him.

The train stopped. The brakeman shouted something which sounded exactly as hieroglyphics look (Did the reader ever wonder whether the only literary men in ancient Egypt were the direct ancestors of modern brakemen?) Mr. Robinson asked a gentleman near him the name of the place, learned it was Rockland, and therefore his destination, and got out.

Several men shouted the names of the hotels they represented, and did it for the benefit of the passengers who had left the train, although one would have thought that they intended to call to some persons already at the hotels, and a long way off, by the noise they made.

Mr. Robinson found a man who had a hack. He distinctly heard the man mention the fact, and he ordered himself taken to Mr. Muckle's.

When the hack stopped and Mr. Robinson got out he must have impressed the driver as being a lunatic of some sort.

"I thought this was Rockland?"

"It is."

"Well, I wanted to go to Mr. Muckle's."

"This is the place."

"Where is Lakeville?"

"Thirty miles from here. And your fare is twenty-five cents."

Mr. Robinson paid it, and the hackman drove off.

It was late to arrive for a visit, but the well trained servants at Mr. Muckle's had had their instructions, and it was not many minutes before Mr. Robinson was settled in a large and handsomely furnished room.

A servant brought him a note:

"The compliments of Mr. Muckle, who regrets that business which cannot be delayed prevents his meeting Mr. Robinson to-night. Will Mr. Robinson make himself perfectly at home. The servants are directed to attend to his every order."

"A cool welcome," said Richard Robinson to himself, but ate a hearty supper, retired late and slept soundly—and late, too.

"A cool welcome," was Richard Robinson's first thought when he awoke in the morning. There was a rushing to and fro of hasty steps, doors were opened and closed; there were voices hushed but eager. It was a cool welcome; for, when the almost forgotten guest left his room, he learned the fearful truth. Mr. Milton Muckle had been found murdered in his bed that morning.

III.

The coroner's jury examined the witnesses separately. Mr. Robinson was examined as a mere matter of form. He saw no one else in the room who had or who would testify. He had his luggage taken to the hotel, he had his dinner and then he walked briskly out into the country for miles. It was all so horrible to him. Here was the man who had done so much for him; the man who had won a fortune which, though justly his, would have been won only by patience and long, hard work. It was true that this man had had from the property all the fees for his services which his work warranted, but the service was of a kind which demanded more than money as a payment for it. And this man was dead—dead by the hand of a murderer—before he could thank him. It was terrible!—horrible!—he could think of nothing else than the fate of the man who had been his friend.

In the early evening he came back. The verdict had been given. The landlord said:

"They've said it was Mr. Muckle's nephew. I for one don't believe it. I've known them both for years and years, and know they are stubborn and obstinate. Mr. Muckle has been a stubborn man; his nephew a stubborn boy—he's scarcely more than a boy yet. They had hard words last night about a girl the young man intended to marry. The old man, who has no other heir than his nephew, said he would leave all his money to some public charity unless the young man gave it up, and the poor fellow was in his uncle's power. He used to be rich. Lost every cent in speculation three months ago, and twenty-five thousand dollars borrowed from his uncle with it. They almost came to blows last night. The servants knew it and testified to it, and the young man admitted it. He didn't leave the house until after midnight. It looks bad. They've arrested him and put him in jail. Every man in town but myself believes the poor fellow is guilty. I don't. I believe a man he discharged from his employ did it."

(As our story is nearly done, let us say at once that the landlord was right, and the rest were wrong. Ten years later a death-bed confession gave the truth.)

Robinson lit his cigar and sat down on the balcony at the hotel. The moon came up and the night was cool and bright and beautiful. His thoughts went to the dead man, then back to himself. "How sweet and bright life is," he thought; "how I pity this man who has lost his."

A man rode by swiftly, and he had a mask on! Another one and another! The landlord came out on the balcony behind Robinson.

"Curse the fools," he said; "it seems as if the town had all gone mad together. Do you see what it means?"

Down on the night wind came the sound of blows beating on a strong wall. Robinson looked up and said: "How horrible. It means lynching, don't it?"

"Yes," said the landlord, "that is just what it means. They won't listen; they won't wait. They will have the doors down in an hour, and Paul Hudson is as innocent as I am."

"What is the name?"

The tones were low and even.

"Paul Hudson."

"Please wait here a minute," said Robinson.

In less than a minute he was back, holding a package in his hand.

"Keep that until morning," he said, "and then take off the outer envelope and give the rest to the one addressed within. Do not open it until morning."

And with a face whiter than the moonlight which fell upon it he walked down the steps into the street. As he raised his hat to the landlord the latter fancied he saw more happiness in the white face than he would have believed an hour before it could have given expression to.

"Keep back," said a hoarse voice from beneath a mask.

"Not so," said Robinson. "I must see your leaders."

"Well, hurry up, then; moments are precious."

A half minute later Robinson stood with the most active men among the lynchers, and in the very shadow of the jail.

"Gentlemen," he said, very seriously and very quietly, "you must make no mistakes. I am Richard Robinson. I slept at Mr. Muckle's house last night. Paul Hudson is innocent. You are wrong about this murder—entirely and utterly wrong. I did it!"

And he went with them quietly.

IV.

Paul Hudson has a card which he keeps with care, and which he is not ashamed, strong man though he is, to cry over some times. It is his business card, with his ago—many years younger than he is now—written on it in pencil. And on the back:

"You saved me from a suicide's grave in August. I save you from a worse fate to-night. We are quits.

"RICHARD ROBINSON."

Seals.

The seal, as affixed to letters, has a claim for consideration in the fact of its historic interest. The seals of Sennacherib and Cheops are yet extant, together with a multitude of ancient signets, both of the east and west, and our letter seals are probably their lineal descendants, and relatives of the official, legal and royal seals still affixed to documents. As symbols of power they were, no doubt, affixed upon a missive to forbid its opening by an unauthorized person, and their significance would be generally regarded. The early Christians used the sacred devices of the dove, the fish, the anchor and the lyre; and the monks of Durham, becoming possessed of a seal on which was figured the head of Jupiter Tonans, had engraven beneath it the name of good King Oswald, thus sanctifying it to the uses of the church. In England, before watches were worn, the seal was attached to the wrist, forming, in fact, a pendant to a bracelet. Shakspeare's signet has his initials, "W. S." and a true lover's knot—a device which has led to the supposition that it was given to him by Anne Hathaway. Mary, Queen of Scots, had a seal with the arms of the three kingdoms upon it, and the use of this formed a count of the indictment against her. Another ring of interest which may possibly have been used as a signet was a cameo ring still in existence, which is said to be the identical one given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex.

This is only one of a thousand signets of historic interest that are still preserved. The "biggest thing" among these belongs, as a matter of course, to America, and was presented to President Pierce by some citizen of San Francisco. Upon this was represented a kind of summary of Californian history, and a number of devices, such as a grizzly bear and an enraged boa. Without it was engraved the president's name, and in its interior parts were small cases containing specimens of various native ores. The weight of the precious gift was something like a pound! The materials impressed have been nearly as varied as the shapes of the signets impressing them. Gold, silver and other metals were anciently in use, and even prepared earths or clays. Common wax was, of course, most prevalent before the introduction of sealing wax—a compound of lac and other materials invented in the sixteenth century. White wax was used by Otho I., of Germany, and by many of our monarchs. Rufus, however, very appropriately adopted red. Blue is the rarest of tints; green was favored by the emperors and patriarchs of the East. At present vermilion wax is most common, but should the method of sealing letters be revived we may expect, with the resources of modern chemistry and the diversity of modern tastes, a polychromatic range of hues unknown to former ages.—*London Globe.*

A Precious Stone found in Georgia.

The Atlanta Constitution says: Near Norcross there resides an old German geologist, who loves to live among the peculiar specimens of mineral and vegetable matter which he has unearthed and housed. He is an elderly gentleman of little sociability, but of great mental acquirements. His physical endurance is simply astonishing. For days at a time he wanders over the hills and through the dales near his home, collecting rocks and stones, limbs and roots, the properties of which are unknown to all but himself.

The room in which his collection is, is wonderful. In one receptacle are ranged a number of stones whose bright rays remind the observer of diamonds. In the center of this room there rests a stone half the size of a hen's egg, which was picked up by the owner months and months ago. It was found by its owner one rainy afternoon. For nearly a week he had been on a tramp through the hills and dales near his home, and weary with his ceaseless toil he was wending his way home when his eyes fell upon something from which the rays of the sun were scattered in a thousand directions.

With little thought of what he was doing, the geologist stooped down and picked up the object. It was nearly the size of a hen's egg, and of an irregular shape. It was covered in many places with thick, heavy clay, which was removed with great care.

It was found to be exceedingly hard, and whenever struck with a hard substance gave forth little sound. It was almost colorless with a hue and tinge of green. Its form was that of an octahedron, but some of the faces or sides were inclined to be convex, while the edges were curved.

It was subjected to acids and alkalies without experiencing any perceptible change.

Some friends induced him to place it on the market, and only a day or two ago he received a letter from a diamond dealer in New York offering him $46,000 for it.

The Moon.

No one ever gets tired of the moon. Goddess that she is by dower of her eternal beauty, she is a true woman by her tact—knows the charm of being seldom seen, of coming by surprise and staying but a little while; never wears the same dress two nights running, nor all night the same way; commends herself to the matter-of-fact people by her usefulness, and makes her usefulness adorned by poets, artists and all lovers in the lands; lends herself to every symbolism and to every emblem; is Diana's bow and Venus's mirror and Mary's throne; is a sickle, a scarf, an eye-brow, his face or her face, as looked at by her or by him; is the madman's hell, the poet's heaven, the baby's toy, the philosopher's study; and while her admirers follow her footsteps, and hang on her lovely looks, she knows how to keep her woman's secret—her other side—unguessed and unguessable—*Walt Whitman.*

LION HUNTING.

A Narrow Escape—Shooting a Lion on the Wing—An African Boy's Shot.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* at Cape Town writes: Isaiah White, a wandering New Englander, sailed from Cape Town on the last outgoing English steamer. He came to this remote part of the world two years ago with a number of other adventurers, who made their way to the diamond fields to the north. They endured all manner of suffering and hardship, and in the end became so discouraged at their utter failure that they decided to do what thousands of others have done and are doing continually—give up and return home. White was the only one who held out. "I shall never go back penniless," he declared, "if I have to stay here till I die." The fact that the Yankee did sail for his native land a few days ago, that when I saw him he was arrayed in European dress, and was in the highest spirits, leads me to believe that the good fellow, after all, has not broken the pledge he made to his friends, when the ragged fellows turned their backs on the diamond fields and started for the other side of the world.

Some weeks after their parting, White was in the Hottentot country, where he came upon a native lion-hunter, who had assisted a great many English parties in trapping the king of beasts, and who was very favorably disposed toward the Caucasian race, probably as a consequence. White was penniless, ragged and sick; but Burwik, as the guide called himself, acted the part of the good Samaritan. He took him to his hut, where Burwik's wife nursed him, and when he was restored to his usual rugged health the guide presented him with a European hunting outfit and rifle. The American, as may be supposed, was astonished to find such wealth and hospitality among the yellow natives of South Africa, but the host quickly explained it all to his satisfaction. Burwik, by his skill and faithfulness—the Hottentots, as a race, are thievish and untrustworthy—had won the good opinion of many European hunters, who engaged him as a guide, and, beside paying him liberally for his services, had made him many presents.

He had three rifles of excellent make, two fine revolvers, while his wife was furnished with enough jewelry, beads and ornaments to outline a barbarian princess at high court. The suit which White donned was the very thing for that country, but he shivered slightly when Burwik told him that a major of the English army had it on when a huge lion stole into camp one night and killed him with a single blow. Even the rents made in the garments while the beast was trotting off with his victim's limbs dragging through the timber were plainly visible. "They couldn't be better," said White, a little faintly; "but I'm sorry your friend hadn't another suit to present you."

As White had been noted for his skill in marksmanship at home, it did not take him long to win the admiration of Burwik by his exploits with the gun. The Hottentot himself was no ordinary shot, but he could not compare with the American, who shattered bits of wood thrown into the air, and punctured tiny targets at a distance far beyond the reach of the South African's aim. "You beat any one I ever saw," said Burwik, in his broken English; "we will go shoot lions."

"That will suit me," said the American, "although I have never engaged in any such sport. Shall we go alone?"

"Alone with Erwa," said the guide. Erwa was the name of Burwik's boy, a graceful lad, like most of the young Hottentots, whose ill looks come only with the passage of years, many of the females who may be called handsome in their youth taking the most repulsive appearance as they grow older. Erwa had been the companion of his father on many daring hunting expeditions, and though he could not have been more than fifteen years old, he was counted as a full man in the toil, hardship and peril which must always accompany him who goes in search of the king of beasts.

When White and his Hottentot friends set out the following morning they took with them two fine hunting dogs. With many hunters the favorite time to hunt is after the sun has set. White and his companions did not expect to reach the neighborhood where the beasts would be encountered before the day was pretty well gone. It was, in fact, late in the afternoon when the American was told he must begin to look out for his game, and the news was scarcely imparted when all three caught sight of a single buffalo grazing on an elevated piece of land at such a distance that neither Burwik nor Erwa thought it possible to reach him with a rifle. The trained dogs were sent forward to get beyond the buffalo and drive him toward the hunters, who screened themselves in the bush. But, before the dogs could reach the position, the animal from some cause took fright and wheeled to run. As he did so White fired with such accuracy that the ball entered just back of the fore leg, and after one or two plunges the animal pitched forward on his face.

Burwik and Erwa could hardly believe their senses, but gave expression to their astonishment and delight in the most extravagant language. Meanwhile the cries of the dogs were heard, and it was evident they had started something. The American followed the maxim of professional sportsmen, and loaded his gun before starting from the spot, and the moment he had finished made all haste to follow Erwa, who had run ahead of his father. To reach the point where the buffalo had fallen it was necessary to pass through lower land, so densely wooded that the hunters were shut out of sight of the game for a considerable while. They were half way across this space when the report of Erwa's gun was heard, and a minute later he came rushing through the bush with the appearance of the most extreme terror. "What is it?" asked his father, stepping in front of him with his gun raised.

"A lion! a lion! He has killed the dogs and he will kill us!"

"I am ashamed of you," said the father. "Stand your ground." Poor Erwa was abashed beyond measure, and, repressing his trembling fright as best he could, managed to reload his weapon. While he was thus employed the men stood with their pieces ready, expecting the appearance of the lion every moment, but, as he failed to show himself, they began a cautious forward movement. They had not gone far when they came upon the dead body of one of the dogs, slain by a single blow from the beast, which must have been of unusual size. The other dog was silent, and, if alive, was doubtless at a safe distance from the lion. Pressing on, it was not long before the carcass of the buffalo was found. The audacious king of beasts had picked that up immediately after it was shot, and, dragging it into the bush, had helped himself to what he wished. But where was the lion himself?

"I should say the beast was not far away," suggested White, holding his rifle with his finger on the trigger; "but it seems to me he ought to show himself."

"There he is!" It was young Erwa who uttered the alarming cry which disconcerted the others for the moment. There was good cause for it, for the keen-eyed lad had just then detected the head and mane of the lion, who was stealing toward the men. The affrighted words of the boy apprised the others of their danger, but it did not tell them of the point from which it threatened.

White sprang forward several steps and turned half way round, glancing furtively in every direction for his foe. The latter, as if he understood that it would not do to wait, instantly gathered his muscles together and rose with a prodigious bound which carried him directly toward the American. For a single instant White saw the huge body apparently poised in midair, and then the flaming eyes, frightful mouth and glowering front were precipitated toward him as if driven from the mouth of an enormous columbiad. Instead of leaping aside, the American undertook to fire from where he stood. His desperate haste to raise and aim his gun, in his awkward position, caused him not only to send the bullet wide of the mark, but he lost his own balance and fell upon his side.

Burwik discharged his piece at the lion when he was in mid air, and struck him; but as he was already on the way when hit, the missile could not stop him, no matter how well aimed, nor did it indeed inflict a mortal wound, for even the veteran Burwik was disconcerted by the daring and unexpected attack. But a singular fact saved the American for the moment. The shot which young Erwa had fired when he first encountered the beast had injured one of his eyes in such a way as to hurt his sight. Instead of striking on the prostrate American, as he would have done at any other time, he struck beyond him and some distance away. Before he could recover White was on his feet and Burwik drew his long knife to assist him; but just then Erwa discharged his gun the second time, sending the bullet directly into the chest of the beast as he crouched to gather himself for another leap that must have been fatal. Two shots had already struck the lion and the third finished him. He made the leap, but it had the appearance of being involuntary, as he went directly up in the air, and, dropping to the earth, rolled over like a cat in his last struggles.

Isaiah White extended his hand in gratitude to the little Hottentot boy when all danger was over and said: "Thank you, for, under heaven, you saved my life; henceforth it is not I who am the best shot of the company, but you."

A soft flush suffused the saffron face of the lad. "Allah al Kerlin sadel el balloot," said the boy, quietly, meaning in his brave heart that it was God who directed the shot.

The Trade in False Hair.

Hair has been so ill-treated by fashion that its vitality is now seriously impaired. What with the strain and overheating due to the blending of the false with the real, the binding, the crimping, the curling and the dyeing, a vast number of ladies have prematurely lost all or a greater part of this graceful appendage of the human form divine. Hence the unwelcome fashion, adopted perforce, of wearing short hair, as preferable to no hair, has gained ground, and we hope the refreshing effect of the scissors may repair some of the mischief done. At the same time, the demand for false hair has greatly increased, while the supply has diminished to an extent qualified as perfectly alarming by the West End coiffeurs. Europeans either will not sell their hair or have no longer any hair to sell, and the trade has been compelled to travel further afield. The actual supply of false hair for the European markets is now for the most part imported via Marseilles from Asia Minor, India, China and Japan. But the hair imported from these countries is almost invariably black, and fails utterly to harmonize with the auburn and golden tints that so well befit a Northern complexion. It has, therefore, been found necessary to boil the hair in diluted nitric acid to deprive it of its original color, and it then can be dyed to the tint most in vogue. This operation has, however, been attended with considerable danger to the workmen engaged in this new handicraft. Severe coughs, bronchitis and other accidents were the natural results of the nitrous vapor escaping from the caldrons used for boiling the hair. This new danger appears to have been first discovered by Dr. Felix, of Bucharest, and the Roumanian council of hygiene has issued a circular to all members of the trade warning them of the danger, and suggesting the necessary precautions. These facts fail to harmonize with the poet's conception that beauty can draw love with a single hair. The demand is for hair by the ton, and it is time to see that in adapting the color of Eastern hair to Western usages the work should be carried out under proper supervision. We should strongly object to hairdressers indulging in amateur dabbling with dangerous chemicals, especially nitric acid.—*London Lancet.*

The Story of an Umbrella.

During the shower yesterday a citizen carrying a very wet umbrella entered a hotel to pay a call to some one upstairs. After placing his umbrella where it might drain he wrote upon a piece of paper and pinned to it the sentence:

"N. B.—This umbrella belongs to a man who strikes a 250 pound blow—back in fifteen minutes."

He went his way upstairs, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned to find his umbrella gone, and in its place a note reading:

"P. S.—Umbrella taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour—won't be back at all!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Millions of people are putting happiness away off in the future, when they might enjoy it to-day just as well. Resolve to be happy now.

WISE WORDS.

No man can be successful who neglects his business.

No rank can shield us from the impartiality of death.

If you would succeed in life, rise early and be an economist of time.

The qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous of those we pretend to have.

Suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds; they ever fly by twilight.

Seeing much, and suffering much and studying much, are the three pillars of learning.

Little do we care for the speech of people if conscience will not whisper approval.

Make friends with your creditors if you can, but never make a creditor of your friend.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest, for rest implies relief from previous labor.

He who labors with the mind governs others; he who labors with the body is governed by others.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living.

Somebody says every failure is a step to success. This will explain why the richer some men fail the richer they become.

The world we live in is the best world possible to those who use it, and the worst world possible to those who abuse it.

Do we not feel that we are apt to think of ourselves as others think of us? and that not by a rational act of judgment, but by a mere passive yielding to an impression from without?

When we have practiced good actions awhile they become easy, and when they become easy we begin to take a pleasure in them, and when they please us we do them frequently. Form, then, the habit of doing good.

Men's minds are as variant as their faces. Where the motives of their actions are pure, the operation of the former is no more to be imputed to them as a crime than the appearance of the latter; for both being the work of nature are alike unavoidable.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Cork trees are being successfully grown in Georgia. Of some specimens planted many are now thick enough for use.

Mr. H. P. Aversby asserts that a large amount of humus in a soil implies an abundant previous amount of vegetation, and this in its turn implies a soil of at least moderate original fertility.

Of all the men-of war in Europe Italy has the most heavily iron-plated and possessed with the most formidable guns. The Duilio and the Dandolo have armor twenty-two inches thick, and they each carry 100-ton guns.

In the rivers rolling to sea, says the *American Contract Journal*, are millions of horse-power daily running to waste. We do not appreciate the brook and river because they are so near and have been there so long. Had they commenced flowing but to-day we would have hastened to harness them.

Nothing new under the sun—as Napoleon I. used, in 1815, the first "sleeping, dining-room and parlor car" that ever was built. This car, or chariot, was taken to Waterloo and was presented to the prince regent of England by whom it was afterward sold to Mr. Bullock for $12,500. It eventually found its way to Madame Tussaud's wax-work exhibition, London, where it may still be seen.

One of the objections urged against the proposed tunnel across the English channel is that it would open a highway for the invasion of Great Britain in case of a war with continental powers. Dr. Siemens suggests a novel plan of defense from such invasion should the tunnel be constructed. He would arrange chambers of chalk, in communication with the shore ends of the tunnel, in such a manner that the chalk might be readily flooded with diluted muriatic acid. The result of turning on the acid would be the rapid filling of half a mile or more of the tunnel with carbonic acid gas, through which no human beings could pass alive.

A Ride on the Back of a Catfish.

In the early days of Rome, about forty years ago, a poor widow, a Mrs. Parks, occupied a rude habitation about sixteen feet square, constructed of rough poles, on the site where Dr. Gregory's residence now stands. This poor woman had two children, the elder a stout, robust girl about eighteen years of age, Martha by name; the other was a boy of seven. One day Martha, who took in washing to help support the family, went to the spring near the house, on the banks of the Etowah river, to do some washing; her mother was with her. On arriving at the spring, which is only a few feet from the river, she noticed an enormous catfish lying in the cool branch of the spring in water nearly deep enough to float the fish. A batteau was fastened to a tree near by, and, stepping into the boat, she seized a paddle, and quick as thought dealt the monster fish a blow on the head, which stunned it, and the little boy, Scruggs Parks, jumped into the stream and seized the fish, but in his excitement and attempts to secure the prize he thrust both hands into the gill of the fish. The gills closed on them with a vice-like grip, and the fish, in floundering about with the boy, at length struck water deep enough to support him, and with head to the river with a mighty effort shot into the stream with the speed of an arrow, the boy on his back. A moment of terrible anguish and suspense to the poor sister, who was a helpless observer of all that was passing, and the catfish landed high and dry on an island some sixty or seventy feet distant from the shore, with the boy in a fainting, frightened and half drowned condition. The cries of the sister soon brought men upon the scene, who took the boat and in a few minutes landed fish and boy on the shore of the river. The fish weighed sixty-five pounds.

Fifty thousand California mountain trout, brought from the hatching works at Caledonia, N. Y., were set free in Greenwood lake recently. It is calculated that at least two million young trout have been distributed in New York waters this year.

My Little Neighbor.

You came to live near us
One bonnie spring day;
The next sunshiny morning—
A morning in May—
I heard you a-gardening
Over the way.

But between, like Fate's battlement,
Grim rose the wall,
And you were so little,
And I was not tall—
Should I shout? Would you answer?
What name could I call?

I hate the man
Who had built the wall there,
I climbed with the aid
Of a venerable chair—
A diminutive Romeo
Scaling your stair.

The ledge I laid over—
Ah, such a wee thing!
Like a restless white butterfly
Light on the wing;
Hair gold as the primrose
That blossomed in spring.

Your rake dropped, your sun-hat slipped
Off your bright head.
"Are you the boy next door?"
You solemnly said.
I nodded, slid over the wall,
Radiant and red.

Oh, my wife, in Life's garden
We linger to-day;
Many snows, many May-blooms
Have kissed gold to gray,
Since I wooed my wee neighbor
Over the way.

—*K. Temple Morr, in Our Continent.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An old and famous composer—A dull sermon.

One part of the baseball fever is catching.

Cannibals sometimes have their neighbors at dinner.

Hanlan has won $80,000 by his skill with the oars. That is what we call good scullership.

Some traits run in families. Shakespeare's father, being illiterate, made his mark. So did Shakespeare.

"Great Pains Taken" is the heading of an advertisement in one of the dailies. Probably some gentleman has eaten a whole watermelon.

Jones says that he used to be proficient in half-a-dozen languages, but that since marriage he is not even master of his own tongue.

At the seashore, as usual, one wave from a woman's handkerchief will continue to attract more attention than hundreds of waves from the ocean.

A trade journal gives directions for "preserving harness." Preserved harness may be considered very palatable by those who like that sort of thing, but we don't want a bit in our mouth.

A teacher was trying to make Johnny understand the science of simple division. "Now, Johnny," she said, "if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" Johnny thought a moment, and replied: "A suck."

The farmer in the grassy field;
Doth make the fragrant hay,
And as he pauses in his work
Sings a roundelay.
Oh, why does he behind the barn
So suddenly retire?
A bee hath climbed his trouser's leg—
He's putting out the fire.

General Kolpakovshi, a general who has risen from the ranks by sheer and reckless daring in Central Asia, is said to be the coming man in the Russian army. It is not strange that a soldier bearing such a cognomen should recklessly risk his life in order to "make a name for himself."

Some fellow has written a poem to his girl, beginning "If thou could'st only know." Yes, if she could only know the number of old socks he is saving up to be darned, and the dilapidated apparel that she will be expected to resuscitate, we have no doubt the course of true love would begin to be less smooth.

Scrambled snakes eggs are the new dish, and as yet there seem to be no particular direction for preparing them in the cook books. We would suggest, however, that you go out into the country until you find a nest with eggs, and then, when the snake puts in its appearance, it will come natural to you to scramble some.

"Why, my dear," said poor little Mr. Penhecker, with a ghastly smile, "why would the world without woman, lovely woman, be like a blank sheet of paper?" Mrs. P., who had just been giving the little man "a piece of her mind," smiled and "couldn't think." "Why, because, don't you see, love," said the long suffering one, "it wouldn't even be ruled."

The Daily Swelling of Plants.

With delicate means of measurement Herr Kraus has recently proved the existence of a phenomenon in all plant organs, which is connected with their variable water content, and consists in a periodical swelling and contraction in the twenty-four hours. Leaves, etc., decrease in thickness from the early morning till the afternoon, when they begin to swell again, attaining a greater size by night than by day (this is well seen in agave, aloe and the like); similarly with buds, flowers, green cones, fruits, etc., and with stems and branches. Herr Kaiser has before proved such a period in trunks of trees, and Herr Kraus shows that both wood and bark share in it, independently or unitedly.

The various experiments of Herr Kraus—removal of foliage, watering, shutting out light, etc.—lead to explanation of the phenomena by the varying reciprocal action of those factors which bring water into the plant and those which carry it away. By night only the water absorbing activity of the parts below ground operates, by day the water consuming activity of the parts above ground beside. The water consuming activity depends mainly on the foliage and on light (removal of leaves or of light stops contraction) and consists essentially in transpiration. Herr Kraus states that when a plant is watered these things occur: In a short time, less than an hour, the stem begins to swell; both wood and bark take part in this, the wood always first. The swelling progresses at a pretty quick rate, upward of several meters per second. After some time, perhaps an hour, contraction gradually recurs. The contraction began at an upper part of an acacia after ten minutes, whereas the swelling at the lower part continued fifty minutes. This shows that the contraction is due to the activity of the foliage, and is gradually extending downward.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1882.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1882.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its thirtieth (30th) volume on January 1st, 1882.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1882.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Election November 7th.

REPRESENTATIVE-AT-LARGE:
RISDEN T. BENNETT,
of Anson County.

SUPREME COURT JUDGE:
THOMAS RUFFIN,
of Orange Co.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES:
First District—JAMES E. SHEPPERD.
Second District—FRED. PHILLIPS.
Third District—ALLMAND A. MCKOY.
Fourth District—JAMES C. MCRAE.
Fifth District—JOHN A. GILMER.
Sixth District—WILLIAM M. SHIPP.

FOR CONGRESS—7th District—M. W. ROBBINS, of Iredell.

FOR SOLICITOR—7th District—JOSEPH DOBSON.

FOR SENATE—C. B. WATSON.
FOR HOUSE COMMONS.—GEO. WILSON.
FOR SHERIFF—JOHN BOYER.
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS—D. P. MAST.
FOR TREASURER—C. J. OGBURN.
FOR SUPERIOR COURT CLERK—R. T. STEDMAN.
FOR SURVEYOR—M. H. MORRIS.
FOR CORONER—WM. BARROW.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Senator M. W. Ransom will address the people of this section as follows: Winston, Thursday, Septem 7th; Walnut Cove, Friday, 8th; Danbury, Saturday, 9th; Mt. Airy, Monday, 11th; Dobson, Tuesday, 12th.

—Senator Ransom will speak at Winston to-day (Thursday.)

—Demorest's Monthly Magazine has been received. It is a first-class publication of its kind. Specimen numbers can be seen at this office.

Surry County Convention.

There will be a meeting of the Democratic party in convention assembled, on Monday, the 2d day of October, in the town of Dobson, at the court-house, at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Legislature, sheriff, clerk and other county officers. The chairman of each township committee will call their respective township Democracy together on Saturday, September 30, for the purpose of appointing a full corps of delegates to attend said convention.

—England has more troubles than all of Europe put together. She is either in a row at home, with some of her dependencies, or with her neighbors. She has double trouble just now. Whilst Arabi is gradually drawing the British from their base of supplies, the chronic Irish troubles wax worse, and Dublin is in a high state of excitement—almost on the border of revolution. It is useless to attempt to follow up the shifting scenes in Ireland. The immediate trouble is a discharge of some of the police.—*Star.*

Foreign News.

LONDON, August 29.—Gen. Wolseley telegraphs from Kassassin Lock as follows: Major General Graham commanding this post was attacked yesterday evening by about 12 guns and 8 battallions. Our men behaved extremely well and inflicted severe loss upon the enemy. At first Gen. Graham had but 5 guns, 2 and a half battalions and a small detachment of calvary and mounted infantry, being reinforced by another battallion he attacked the enemy in front whilst the first cavalry brigade under Col. Sir Baker Russell charged them in flank sabreing considerably. A number of the cavalry were well handled by Major General Drury Lowe. Gen. Graham's dispositions were all that they should have been. His operations were carried out with the coolness for which he has always been well known. Arabi Pasha was on the field during the action. The cavalry charged by moonlight but were unable to secure the rebel guns which the enemy withdrew during the night. They left however, all their ammunition. Our killed are Sergeant-Major Shaw, of the sixth marine artillery, and one infantry sargeant. The wounded one major, two captains, two lieutenants and fifty-six men.

ALEXANDRIA, September 4.—At 5 o'clock this evening the English heavy guns near the Cairo railway began shelling Arabi's camp. The enemy replied, their shells falling within ten yards of the Fleming in Ramleh. Two more British guns joined in the fire, whereupon a lively cannonade ensued. The enemy continue to make excellent practice, all their shells falling close to the British camp.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—A dispatch to the Reuter's Telegram company from Alexandria says; Great uneasiness is felt in consequence of the arrest of a native spy carrying a letter addressed to Antono Paulo, Greek consular agent at Siout who is staying here. Paulo has been arrested. It is rumored that the police have discovered the ramifications of a conspiracy in which several Greeks are implicated, the object being the massacre of the Europeans in Alexandria in the event of the British troops being seriously engaged at Ramleh.

—Nervousness, debility and exhausted vitality cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

How to Organize.

The State Executive Committee requests the publication of the following programme for organization:

1. Let there be a County Committee composed of active, working, zealous intelligent men.

2. Let there be township Committee *composed of the very best men in the township.* Right here the work is to be done, and hence the absolute necessity for the very best men the party has in the township.

3. Let each township be divided up into convenient districts, with known well and defined boundaries, as far as possible, such as roads, creeks, &c., each committee-man taking a sub division under his especial charge. In each sub-division let there be a sub-committee of 3, of 4 or 5, or as many as need be, with its proper township committee-man at its head, and appointed by him. This sub-committee is to report to its chairman and operate under his directions.

4. Let each sub-committee, by the 7th of October, prepare two lists of all voters in its sub-division, one for its own use, the other to be given to its chairman.

5. Let each sub-committee-man and each township committee-man, examine the registration books from time to time, and check off the voters who have not registered, and then use every effort to get Democratic voters to register.

6. On the 14th of October let each sub-committee meet with its chairman and check the Democratic voters who have not registered, and make arrangements for inducing them to register. On the 28th of October let them meet again for the same purpose.

On election day let the township and sub-committees be early at the polling places with their lists of voters. Let the names of voters be checked off as they vote, and at one o'clock let a list of the absent Democratic voters be made by the township chairman and given to the sub-committee-men, who will at once proceed to ascertain if the absentees cannot be induced to come to the polls and vote. For this purpose the chairman of the township committee must have provided suitable conveyances and have them constantly ready at hand.

If this simple plan be carried out, our majority in the coming election would not be a vote less than 30,000. It must be remembered that the Radical party always polls its full strength. For its organization it has money in abundance, while we have to rely upon the fidelity and patriotism of our people. Let us see if we cannot put to route again these 105,000 negroes. If we organize properly we will do it, for their are 109,000 white voters in the State. All we have to do is to bring them out. There are 50,000 who never voted. Of this 50,000, nine out of every ten will vote the Democratic ticket if they go to the polls. Let us see that they get there.

STATE NEWS.

—A Miss Bozeman, aged 115 years died a few years ago in the poor house in Halifax county.

—There are 189,732 white voters in the State, and 105,018 colored voters, making the total population 294,750.

—Mr. John Richwine, of Rowan county, left home Friday, 18th of August, and no one knew what had become of him until Tuesday of this week, when he was found hanging to a tree in the woods, his clothing nearly all gone and the flesh gone off the bones. It was a case of suicide. He had been giving evidences of insanity for some time past. The Salisbury *Examiner* says there was a pension due him for service in the federal army, and the papers reached his home for his signature on the night after he left. He had been greatly worried about these papers, and it is thought that this had something to do with his suicide.
—*Watchman.*

—The story of the romantic marriage of a Davidson County girl at Glen Alpine Springs comes to us through the Chorlotte *Journal.* The story goes as follows:—*Lexington Dispatch.*

The parties were Mr. Edward W. Lyon, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Miss Minnie Reinhart, of Thomasville, N. C. They had been engaged three years ago, but the engagement was objected to by the parents. About two weeks ago they met at the Waynesville White Sulphur Springs and resolved to be married secretly. Rev. Mr. McIlvain, a Presbyterian minister, was prevailed upon to perform the ceremony It was arranged that the enamored pair and the minister should meet at a picturesque spot on a neighboring mountain, where the knot should be tied. A license was obtained with every precaution for secrecy, this romantic programme was actually carried out, and it was agreed that the affair should be kept secret for a year, during which time Mr. Lyon was to go to Europe. On his return it was proposed to make the announcement in the hope that both families would become reconciled, the devotion of the couple having been so amply demonstrated. But it leaked out that they had been married and Mr. Lyon made a public announcement of the fact. The parents were as may be imagined, profoundly stirred, and owing to some fancied informality in the original license, it was determined to have the ceremony performed again. This was done Thursday morning last, by Rev. R. B. Anderson, of Morganton.

A Sad Occurance.

—A very painful occurrence on Saturday last shocked Raleigh, being the suicide by laudanum poisoning, of Mr. Daniel N. Sherwood, one of the oldest and most trusted employee of the postoffice department, who for seventeen years, or since October, 1865, had been route agent from Greensboro, his home, to Goldsboro. Yesterday morning the deceased, who had been for some months past suspected of abstracting money from registered packages in the mail, and under surveillance, was arrested at Goldsboro, and several decoy packages containing marked money found on his person by Special Agent Booth, of the post-office department. It is stated that he then made a full confession of his guilt, and said further that pilferings had been going on for 10 years past. He was released on bail, and left on the train for Greensboro. Soon after the train left Goldsboro the authorities discovered that he had bought a four ounce vial of laudnum, and at once telegraphed officials at Raleigh the fact. When the train arrived at Raleigh Mr. Sherwood was dying and a few minutes after expired.

Coroner Richardson summoned a jury of inquest, and Dr. James McKee, county physician, was present. The jury, after due examination, returned the following verdict: "D. N. Sherwood came to his death at the depot of the North Carolina Railroad at Raleigh, on the afternoon of September 2, 1882, of an overdose of laudanum, administered by himself and purchased in the town of Goldsboro, there being on a bottle found in the possession of the deceased a label bearing the name of J. A. Hill & Sons, druggists. And we further call the attention of the authorities to the facts in the case."

The dose taken was about two ounces. The deceased was about 60 years of age, and leaves a wife and 3 children. His remains were taken in charge by Undertaker Brown, and will be sent home to-day.—*News-Observer.*

Southern Sunday School Assembly.

Some months since leading Sunday School workers in the South conceived the idea of holding a preliminary Sunday School Assembly in the South, to consult upon the establishment of an institution similar to Chatauqua. A call was issued, inviting Sunday School workers to assemble at Tullahoma, Tenn., on the 17th of August. Pursuant to that call, at 8 p. m., on the 17th, a large number of Sunday School workers from various parts of the South assembled in the Methodist Church at Tullahoma. W. G. Whidby, of Atlanta, Secretary.

Brief speeches were made by President Morrow, R. B. Reppard, of Savannah, Ga., J. R. Dean, of Tenn., Rev. L. A. Parker, of Ala., and Rev. S. H. Stein, of Tenn.

The following were appointed a committee to nominate permanent officers: Sidney Root, Ga., L. A. Parker, Ala., R. E. Travis, J. R. Dean and S. H. Stein, Tenn. The following were appointed a committee on Sunday School Assembly: Rev. J. H. Warren, Chairman, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Rev. M. B. De Witt, McMinnville, Tenn.; R. B. Reppard, Savannah, Ga.; O. M. Doyle, Toccoa, Ga.; W. J. Houston, Decatur, Ga.

Friday morning after devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. R. M. Tinnon, Prof. R. V. Foster, of Lebanon, illustrated normal class work. At 10:30 a. m., the committee on Permanent Organization reported as follows: President, R. B. Reppard, Ga.; Vice-Presidents, W. H. Morrow, of Tenn., Rev. L. A. Parker, Ala.; Secretary, W. G. Whidby, Houstonia, Ga.; Assistant Secretary, Dr. T. S. Rubey, Lebanon, Tenn. The report was adopted.

President Reppard made an eloquent and enthusing address. The committee on Sunday School Assembly reported the following as the committee to take the matter under advisement: Rev. J. H. Warren, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Dr. T. S. Rubey, Lebanon, Tenn.; W. H. Morrow, Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. L. A. Parker, Gladsden, Ala.; Rev. F. J. Tyler, Shelby Iron Works, Ala.; Sidney Root, Atlanta, Ga.; W. J. Houston, Decatur, Ga.; Rev. F. M. Gillam, Franklin, Ky. The report was agreed to.

President Reppard made an earnest, practical talk on the need for, and necessity of, a Sunday School Assembly in the South, in the morning, followed in the afternoon by an able address by Rev. M. B. De Witt on what a Sunday School Assembly should be.

The committee on Sunday School Assembly made the following report, which was agreed to: "From the lights before us, we are of opinion that an institution located in a suitable place in the South, which shall be non-sectional, non-political and non-sectarian, but established upon the most liberal basis of Scriptural Christianity which shall have for its object the education of the people in Literature, Arts, Sciences, Temperance and foster all those enterprises which shall have for their object the elevation of the people morally, socially and mentally, is fully desirable."

This emphasized the general desire, and the next question was, where should this assembly be located? Places at Tullahoma, Estill's Springs, Mount Eagle, Walden's Ridge and King's Point in Tenn; Sulphur Springs in Dade County, Ga.; All-Healing Springs at King's Mountain, N. C.; Tocoa Falls and Tallulah Falls in Georgia were offered as suitable sites. On motion of W. G. Whidby the final settlement of the location was left to the committee on that subject.

At night Vice-President W. H. Morrow, delivered a very interesting and instructive address upon the practical subject of "our personal work in the Sunday School cause." Professor Moffett spoke of the moral power of the Sunday school cause.

Saturday morning Professor Foster gave illustration of normal class work, after which Rev. R. K. Brown and Rev. L. B. Fish, addressed the assembly on the work at Chatuaqua.

At night Rev. M. B. DeWitt in a speech of great force and beauty, addressed the audience upon the history of the Sunday School cause. At the suggestion of the president, Chatauqua salute was given the eloquent speaker. The assembly unanimously adopted the following:

Resolved, That this convention place the whole matter of selecting a location for the Southern Sunday Assembly in the hands of the committee heretofore appointed; said committee shall have full power to select a location, to get out articles of incorporation, name incorporators, arrange a programme for the first annual meeting of the assembly—fix the time of holding said first annual meeting and do all things necessary to make the scheme a success. This committee shall about the middle of September visit such places as they in their judgment may deem proper and after hearing all propositions shall make their final decisions, and on no account shall they involve themselves or others in debt.

The meeting closed on Sunday and throughout was marked with harmony and good feeling. President Reppard was made ex officio a member of the committee on location and the present officers continued until next meeting.

HEAVY PEACH SHIPMENTS.—The peach season is nearly at its height, the shipments Friday on the Delaware Railroad amounting to 261 carloads, making the entire shipments since the commencement of the season nearly 3,000 carloads. At the same time large quantities have been shipped to Philadelphia and Baltimore by steamers. At the last named place they are sent to different points in the West by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Those shipped over the Delaware Railroad and its connections reach Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, and all the large towns and cities in Pennsylvania. The season, it is thought, will be at its height Thursday, when arrangements will be made for the shipment of from 350 to 400 barloads a day, and, what is more worthy of consideration, the best quality of peaches will be ripe about that time.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—The ease with which the British iron-clads destroyed Alexandria, ought to be a warning to the American people. We have cities on our sea-coast of enormous wealth which are utterly defenceless. We have no navy, and not a gun in the country to drive away a hostile fleet. It would take eighteen months to prepare the machinery for casting guns capable of coping with those now mounted on the decks of the British, French and German ships of war. The stupid apathy of the American press and public on this important matter is simply phenominal. Potentially, we are the greatest military nation on earth, but actually at present we are wholly unprepared for a contest with a tenth-rate naval power. The Turkish or the Chinese fleet could ravage our shores, and we have neither the guns to defend ourselves, nor the ships to beat them off. In the war of 1812 we had war ships superior to those of Great Britain, and they saved us from national humiliation. Yet even then the British troops captured Washington and burnt the capital.
—*Demorest's Monthly.*

ANTIQUITY OF THE AMERICAN MAN.—How long has man been on this planet? is a question often asked, but the answer is always unsatisfactory. The remains of implements and articles used by human beings have been found in strata hundreds of thousands of years old. Ages must have passed since the savage man first emerged from a semi-brute condition. Mr. Wiggins of Waverly, New Jersey found on the top of the Alleghany Mountains in Perry County, Pennsylvania, a piece of metamorphic limestone upon which was clearly visible the print of the right foot of a human being. The impression is about an inch deep and shows the five toes and the perfectly formed foot of a man. This piece of stone has been sent to the Smithsonian institution. The rock is of great antiquity and must have antedated the oldest memorials of Egypt. It certainly is the earliest trace of man in America.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—Containing all the essentials of a true tonic, and sure to give satisfaction, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

—A Cincinnati telegram, of the 26th says:

Corn is high and likely to continue high for some time to come. All grains have been strong. There have been large purchases of September futures of corn, and in fact October futures have run stiff and have hardened. Sales of November futures have been astonishingly large.

The summer packing of pork in the entire West from figures collected here show a shortage of 775,000 hogs since March 1: Here are the figures for the total summer packing at seven principal points from March 1 to August 24; January, 1881, 3,150,000 hogs; January, 1882, 2,375,000 hogs; decrease, 1882, 775,000 head hogs.

This decrease is due in part to farmers holding hogs for winter fattening, partly to the favorableness of the season or summer pastures, partly to the high prices which corn brings, all of which operate to keep hogs out of the slaughtered pens.

Mess pork, bulk meats and bacon have been high here and have increased in prices accordingly this week.

—When others are suffering, drop a word of kindness and sympathy. If they are suffering from a Cold, give them Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; a few doses of this valuable remedy will afford instant relief, and a twenty-five cent bottle will cure the worst Cough.

Highly Esteemed.

The youthful color and a rich lustre are restored to faded or gray hair by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, a harmless dressing highly esteemed for its perfume and purity.

The Height of Folly.

To wait until you are in bed with disease you may not get over for months, is the height of folly, when you might be easily cured during the early symptons by Parker's Ginger Tonic. We have known sickly families made the healthiest, by a timely use of this pure medicine.—*Observer.*

—Not many miles from Fort Valley, Ga., lives a family, the children of which have some remarkably novel names, It seems that during the first few years after the parents were married the children born to them died. After a time the bereaved father and mother were informed that if they would give their future children the names of wild animals all would live to a good old age. The result is that in this family there are four healthy children named respectively Rabbit, Coon, Fox and Possum.—*Americus Recorder.*

NEWSY PARAGRAPHS.

—Brooklyn uses 40,786,631 gallons of water a day.

—Paris is talking of a $30,000,000 underground railroad.

—Kentucky has three lunatic asylums, with 1,700 patients.

—There are 177,000 white and 143,000 colored voters in Georgia.

—The Rt. Rev. Edward Steere, LL.D., Bishop of Central Africa, is dead.

—Gen. Lafayette's granddaughter, Mme. de Remusat, has just died in Paris.

—A Tennessee man seventy-nine years old has a breach of promise suit on hand.

—The people of Lake City, Florida, are eating their third crop of corn for this year.

—Diphtheria is raging to an alarming extent in some portions of Pittsylvania county, Virginia.

—Hon. Alexander H. Stephens says he now weighs five pounds more than he ever has before.

—Cholera is making terrible ravages in Yokohama, Japan, and in Manilla, Phillipine Islands.

—A negro merchant of Williamsburg, Virginia, invites customers to inspect his $50,000 stock of goods.

—Father Ryan, the poet laureate of the South, will deliver several lectures in the Southern States this fall.

—The cashier of the robbed bank at Kewanee, Illinois, has confessed his guilt and returned part of the money.

—Confederate bonds are on the boom again in Richmond, Va., where they are quoted at $7.50 per thousand.

—Canada, which has only increased 29 per cent. in population in the last ten years, has run her debt up from $75,000,000 to $200,000,000.

—There are 6,500 liquor saloons in the city of Philadelphia, which it placed in a straight line, would extend eighteen and one half miles.

—Swiss emigration to this country in 1881 doubled that of 1880—11,293 in the last year against 6,941, of whom only 2,027 were unskilled laborers.

—Work has been commenced on an oleomargine factory at Atlanta, Ga. The company has a capital of $500,000, of which $50,000 has been paid in.

—The Government receipts for the month of August were over a thousand dollars a minute. It accumulates so rapidly that they don't know what to do with it.

—The railway service of this country employs 1,200,000 men, a total of 1,600,000, about one-eighth of the entire working adult male working force of the country.

—Four of the British guns used in bombarding Alexandria could each send a shot weighing 1,700 pounds at 500 yards distance through twenty-seven inches of solid iron.

—A paper in New Bedford, Mass., claims that in one year's time, when the mills now being built are in operation, that city will be the third in the Union in the manufacture of cotton goods.

—The latest foreign fruit prospects may be summed up as follows: France, less half a crop of apples; Germany, one-third of a crop; Holland, half a crop; Belgium, a little less than half a crop.

—The number of seals brought in this year to St. John is very large, over 140,000, of which six Dunder steamers took alone over 63,112, so that not quite one-half of the whole catch was taken by steamers.

—The steamer Alaska, which arrived in New York on the 3rd inst., had on board the British team of riflemen who are to compete with our National Guard at Creedmoor on the 14th and 15th of this month.

—About 120 persons were drowned by the Concho flood in Texas, and 15,000 sheep, cattle and horses were lost. The loss of property ranges from $75,009 to $100,000. The river rose fifty feet. Bodies are coming to the surface.

—A Mrs. Chisom, claiming to hail from New Orleans, has opened an "opium parlor" in Philadelphia. So it is "walk into my parlor" says this enticing woman with her enticing drug. She claims to be well patronized.—*Star.*

—The falling off in the business of the country for the fiscal year just closed, represented by our foreign commerce, was $108,164,862, as compared with 1881, taking the total value of imports and exports of merchandise and specie.

—The Georgia Car Company removed their works from Atlanta to Cartersville last year, and since that time their net earnings have reached the high figure of 37.5 of their capital stock. They have recently declared a dividend of 25 per cent.

—John Tyler, son of the late President John Tyler, has been appointed as one of the three commissioners of the Treasury Department to superintend the destruction of cancelled government bonds and paper money of the government.

—A young lady was married last week in New York who is said to be a descendant of Mary Washington and Mary, Queen of Scots. Very doubtful. She was Miss Upshur, a grand niece of Secretary Upshur, of Virginia, who was killed by the bursting of a gun.—*Star.*

—Ex-Governor Randolph, of New Jersey, while visiting at Richmond, Virginia, recently, bought a silver watch supposed to have, at one time, belonged to Aaron Burr, several pieces of continental money, and an original order for a pound of nails, written by Thomas Jefferson.

—Robert Ford, Jesse James' slayer, was arrested in Chicago, last Friday, on a charge of disorderly conduct and carrying concealed weapons. The Ford boys have been living a fast life there for the past two weeks, playing in a cheap theatre, and seeking notoriety on the streets.

—A telegram from Newport, R. I., says that President Arthur has avoided the route laid down for him, and remains on board the Dispatch at out of the way points. The vessel was provisioned for a week yesterday, and information was refused as to the next movements of the President.

—Gen. R. E. Colston, who served in the Egyptian army for six years, told a Washington reporter the other day that the British are going to have a hard row to hoe in Egypt. He thinks that after a month's campaigning the English horses will be unfit for use, as they cannot stand life on the deserts.

—A Philadelphia dispatch says: As a result of the renewed search of the dwelling No. 3419 Walnut street, occupied by Major Phipps, the absconding almshouse superintendent, about $10,000 worth of all kinds of goods were found, including all sorts of supplies furnished the institution. Phipps is still missing.

—A Galveston *News* Matamoras special says the yellow fever epidemic is decreasing very slowly. There are now little short of two hundred cases in the town. Thirty-seven of the sick are in the military hospital. During the month of August there were 214 deaths from yellow fever, which is a terrible mortality for a city of 8,000 inhabitants. In Brownsville 425 cases of fever have been reported for the past week.

—From the great harvest fields of Northern Wisconsin, Southern Minnesota, and Northern Dakota all reports of crops presage an enormous yield of those already harvested or in condition for gathering. Small grains have been cut with extraordinary rapidity, and threshing is well advanced. The fate of the corn crop in this region is still undecided, but the plants are growing rapidly and the crop will be large if the frost keeps off until late in September.

—This is the Centennial year of Thos. H. Benton, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass, Martin Van Buren, and Daniel Webster, each having been born in 1782. Of these Van Buren was President of the United States; Calhoun and Van Buren were Vice-Presidents: Calhoun, Cass, Van Buren and Webster were Secretaries of State, while Benton was a Senator for thirty years. Calhoun died in 1850. Webster in 1852. Benton in 1858. Van Buren in 1862. Cass in 1866.

CINCINNATI, September 4.—Mt. Vernon, Ind., has been threatened by a mob in consequence of an effort to close the saloons on Sundays and at 11 o'clock every night. About 1 o'clock yesterday morning the residence of John Paul, City Marshall, was fired by a mob and burned to the ground. The Deputy City Marshall was terribly beaten by a gang of roughs. The telephonic and telegraph offices were guarded by the mob to prevent communication with the neighboring towns.

SUFFER

no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefitted by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. MRS. W. J. FLYNN,
30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.
Brown Chemical Co.
Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

IN A FEW WEEKS

the fall session of the schools will open and
PAPER,
INKS,
PENS,
PENCILS,
COPY BOOKS,
WRITING BOOKS,
SLATES,
INKSTANDS,
MUCILAGE,
CHALK,
SCHOLARS' COMPANIONS,
SCRATCH BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
EXERCISE BOOKS,
as well as all kinds of

SCHOOL BOOKS

will be wanted. Don't you forget to call at the

SALEM BOOKSTORE

for your school supplies, as cheap if not cheaper than anywhere else. Try it.

The best Writing papers always on hand.

Fancy Box Paper cheaper than ever, 15, 25, 50, 75 cents and $1 per box.

We have a good supply of "Correspondence Cards and Envelopes." 25 cents formerly 35 and 40 cents per box. Nice goods at low prices.

MANY FANCY ARTICLES

will be sold at and below cost, and no mistake for the next six weeks, such as
CHINAWARE,
TOY BOOKS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
and a select lot of good
Miscellaneous Reading Books
at and below cost, in order to make room for

NEW GOODS.

Call and examine, and you will find many articles even lower in price than you think.

The lot comprises,
TALES,
TRAVELS,
BIOGRAPHY, &c.

Books to Suit Everybody.

Call early before the Books are sold.

A well selected stock of books can be bought here at a low price.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Salem, N. C., Aug. 17, 1882.

University of North Carolina

NEXT SESSION begins AUGUST 31st, 1882. Expenses $185 to $250 per annum. Regular Courses of study lead to A. B., Ph. B., and B. S. Special courses, receiving Certificates and Diplomas, are open to Students. Schools of Law, Medicine & Pharmacy attached. A Teachers' Course has been established.

For particulars address
KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., President,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
Aug. 3, 1882.—31

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

NORTHERN ICE!

HAVING RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF the celebrated

KENNEBEC RIVER ICE,

I am now prepared to furnish my friends, and the public generally, in Winston-Salem and neighboring towns, at short notice, with large or small quantities of the above

CLEAR, FIRM, CRYSTAL ICE,

throughout the entire season. For the convenience of my customers. I have

5, 10 and 25 pound Tickets.

I will sell in lots of $5 worth and over at a discount of 5 per cent. My wagon will deliver in

WINSTON AND SALEM

free of charge regularly every morning, "Sundays excepted," delivering 1st Saturday evenings for Sundays. I have completed, on the corner of 3ad and Depot streets, my

LARGE ICE-HOUSE AND OFFICE,

where I can be found at all times during business hours.

Soliciting your orders, by mail or otherwise, which shall have prompt and personal attention, I remain,
Very respectfully,
DAVID H. KING,
3rd and Depot Streets,
29-tf. WINSTON, N. C.

—School Children's Autograph Album, only 10 cents. It is neat and pretty.
At Salem Bookstore.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$ 85 to	90
Corn, per bushel,	1 00 to	1 10
Oats, " "	50 to	60
Rye, " "	00 to	0 00
Barley, per bush.	00 to	00
Flour, per hundred,	2 25 to	2 65
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to	0 00
Peas, (white,) " "	0 00 to	0 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to	00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to	00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to	00
Pork,	8 to	10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	15 to	10
" Hams	15 to	15
Green Apples per bushel,	00 to	08
Eggs, per dozen,	10 to	12
Butter, per pound,	15 to	20
Tallow, " "	6 to	8
Beeswax, " "	20 to	21
Flax Seed, per bushel	80 to	90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush.	50 to	0
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to	00
Cabbage, per pound,	00 to	1
Chickens, per dozen,	1 80 to	2 50
Hay, per hundred,	40 to	50
Fodder, per hundred bdls.,	00 to	00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.,	00 to	00

DRIED FRUITS.

Cherries per lb.	15 cents.
Berries " "	5 cents.
Quarter Apples,	2 to 3 cents.
Sliced "	2 to 3 cents.
Fancy, "	4 to 5 cents.
Peeled Peaches,	5 to 10 cts.
Halve and quarter Peaches,	2 to 3 cents.

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	5 50 to 6 50
" Good	5 50 to 7 00
" Bright	5 00 to 7 00
" Good	8 50 to 9 00
" Fine	10 00 to 15 00
Fillers Common	600 to 7 00
" Good	9 00 to 10 00
" Fine	10 00 to 14 00
Wrappers Common	15 00 to 20 00
" Good	30 00 to 40 00
" Fine	40 00 to 50 00
" Fancy	50 00 to 75 00

LOOK OUT!

N. T. SHORE & CO.,

SALEM, N. C.

HAVING carried on the GROCERY BUSINESS for the past 12 months, we announce to the citizens of Salem, Winston and vicinity, and the public generally, that we intend in the future, as in the past, to keep the best stock of

Family Groceries,

ever offered in this market.

Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal. Best quality of Spices constantly on hand. Soda and Lemon Biscuits, and Ginger Snaps, fresh from the bakery. Royal Baking Powders, best in use.

Canned Goods.

Oysters, Sardines, Salmon.

Plain and Fancy Candies.

No. 1 Syrup, as good as the best. No 2 and 5 Syrup and Cuba and New Orleans Molasses. Baker's Chocolate.

CHOICE BACON AND LAR AND GOOD FLOUR AND MEAL
always on hand.

No. 1 Apple Vinegar. White Wine Vinegar Mackerel. Best Kerosene Oil. Candles. Matches. J. & P. Coats' Thread. Cigars. Black Mountain, Durham and Little Joker Smoking Tobacco. Chewing Tobacco, and Snuff, as good as can be found in this market. Soaps and Starch in any quantity. **Crockery, Glassware and Lamp Goods.** with many other articles too tedious to mention.

Country Produce

Bought for Cash or Barter.

CALL AND SEE US.

Thanking you for your kind patronage we hope to merit a continuance of the same
N. T. SHORE & CO.,
West side of Public Square, Salem, N. C.
Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.-18.

FARMERS

Look!, Look!! Look!!!

TO YOUR INTEREST,

and don't fail to secure

Tate's Improved Little Monitor Grain and Seed Separator,

if you want clean seed and best grade of flour, and compete for the premiums to be awarded at the WHEAT FAIR, Aug. 26th.

Now is your time to make money by investing in one of those valuable machines.

If you have this Mill, you can get No. 1 seed out of your filthiest wheat. It will separate all the different kinds of filth, such as oats, barley, rye, cheat, cockle, smut, wild onions, rat dirt, &c., and give you two grades once running through; first grade all the largest and best matured kernels, for seed; second grade cleaned so that it will make No. 1 flour without running through the smutter, thus you save all your screenings to feed your stock. This point alone will save cost of the Machine in cleaning 300 bushels. You will also save 1 peck per acre in seeding, and make from 3 to 5 bushels more per acre in harvesting, by using the LITTLE MONITOR. You can also clean your clover and grass seed to perfection. Your oats, barley, rye, corn, buck wheat, flax seed, &c.

Don't lose any time, but call and examine the machine for yourselves. If you cannot call, send for illustrated circulars.

Shop on Main street, opposite Big Coffee Pot, Salem, N. C.
Very Respectfully,
W. M. TATE.
Salem, N. C., Aug. 3, 1882.—31-3m.

F. & H. Fries, Cotton and Woolen Manufacturers, Salem, N. C., Aug. 8, 1882.—Messrs. E. TATE & SON, Dear Sirs:—We have used one of your Little Monitors for several years and are pleased with the work; we have examined the machines you now offer to the public, and think them to be better than the one we use, and would suggest to farmers having much grain to sow or prepare for market, that they give the machine a thorough trial and thereby improve the quality of their wheat. We think every neighborhood, if not every farmer, should have at least one of your machines.
Respectfully,
F. & H. FRIES.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 4.00. a. m., and every day at 5.30, p. m. Due every day, by 10:20, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 7:00, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:00, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 6:00, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Vienna, Shore and East Bend and Richmond Hill. Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p. m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 6:00, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. L. SHORE, P. M.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

IS A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Use.

A sure and speedy cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Diphtheria, Chills, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, Summer Complaint, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, etc.

Perfectly safe to use *internally* or *externally*, and *certain* to afford relief. No family can afford to be without it. Sold by all druggists at 25c., 50c., and $1 a bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N.C.

Parker's Hair Balsam

Satisfies the most fastidious as a perfect Hair Restorer and Dressing. Admired for its cleanliness and elegant perfume. Never Fails to Restore Grey or Faded Hair to the youthful color. 50 cts. and $1 sizes at all druggists.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many of the best medicines known are here combined into a medicine of such varied and effective powers, as to make the Greatest Blood Purifier & the **Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used.**

It cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Sleeplessness, all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, and all Female Complaints.

If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the TONIC to-day. It will surely help you. Remember! it is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it builds up the system without intoxicating. 50c. and $1 sizes, at all dealers in drugs. None genuine without signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y. Send for circular LARGE SAVING IN BUYING THE DOLLAR SIZE.

NEW GARDEN BOARDING SCHOOL

THIS SCHOOL has just completed its fifty-sixth year of successful work. Since its organization, even through the late war, it has been sustained without any suspension of its sessions.

The School buildings are situated six miles west of Greensboro, on the Salem Railroad, in a locality second to none in the State for its healthfulness. Valuable improvements have been made during the past two years, both for the comfort of the students and for increasing the facilities of instruction. The attendance during the year just closed, has been full.

By order of the Trustees, the Calendar has been changed. Hereafter each scholastic year will begin on the **1st MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER,** and continue ten months, with two short vacations, as shown in Catalogue. Information concerning the School will be gladly given to any on applying to

JESSE M. BUNDY, Supt.
New Garden, Guilford Co., N. C.
July 20, 1882.-29-8w.

IMMENSE NURSERY STOCK.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Apple, Peach, Pear and Cherry Trees, Grape Vines and Strawberry Plants etc,
ever grown at the
CEDAR COVE NURSERIES.
is now offered for fall planting to the fruit planting public.

All the new as well as the old leading sorts of all kinds of hardy fruits are grown there.

Orders early.

Send name and address for catalogue with prices.

Address,
N. W. CRAFT,
Shore, Yadkin County, N. C.
May 25, 1882.-21-9 mo.

DR. BUTTS DISPENSARY.

Established 1847 at 12 N. 8th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Physicians in charge of this old and well known institution are regular graduates in medicine and surgery. Years of Experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.

INDISCRETION OR EXPOSURE Producing affections of the blood, skin or bones, treated with success, on scientific principles, without using Mercury or other Poisonous Medicines and at moderate expense.

YOUNG MEN and those of middle age who are suffering from organic weakness that unfits its victims for business or marriage, permanently cured, at moderate expense.

PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express but where possible personal consultation is preferred, which is FREE and invited. List of questions to be answered by patients desiring treatment mailed free to any address on application.

DR. BUTTS, 12 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

GEO. E. NISSEN & CO.,
SALEM, N. C.,
WAGON MANUFACTURERS.

Using only the best of materials, we make the best of work, and warrant every job. We have the oldest and largest Wagon Works, and our wagons have the best reputation of any in the State. Every Wagon bears the name "J. P. NISSEN, Salem, P. O., N. C." Write for prices. Refer to all who are using our Wagons.

Seminal Pastille

An entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Seminal Emissions and Impotency...

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G CHEMISTS, Market and 8th Streets, ST. LOUIS, MO.

FIVE LOTS IN WINSTON FOR SALE—Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Frost is predicted as early as the middle of September.

—Pinkney Snider sold more than $50 worth of dried fruit.

—Repairs are being made to the railroad trestle, near town.

—Rough and Ready Fire Company were on parade last Saturday.

—Mrs. R. Gray and family have returned home from Asheville.

—H. T. Sink left for his home in Indianapolis, Ind., on Tuesday.

—Chas. Buford and lady are on a visit to the old Virginia homestead.

—The Methodist Sunday School picnicked at Waughtown on Tuesday last.

—The sidewalk on West street has been put in a passable condition.

—Miss Maud Butner spent several days with friends in Kernersville, last week.

—Prof. Theo. Wolle and family have gone to their home in Bethlehem, Pa.

—Mrs. James F. Brower has returned to her home in Farmington, Davie County.

—Miss Lily Crosland has returned home from a visit among friends at the Yadkin.

—Mrs. Rondthaler and children are visiting relatives and friends in Bethlehem, Pa.

—C. A. Winkler and family left for the Pilot mountain and Cascades on Tuesday morning.

—The stock law was defeated in High Point township, Guilford Co., by four votes.

—W. A. Lemly brought home two fine specimens of "marsh ponies" from Beaufort.

—Eddie Crosland went wear his toes until one of his big toes that a horse trod on heals up.

—"I call that a *fat take*," said the "devil," when the compositor married a two hundred pound girl.

—Fall term of Davidson Superior Court this week. There were 126 cases on the civil docket.

—Miss Erwin and Miss Ward have returned from the North where they spent the summer vacation.

—The wet weather we had last week caused many ripe grapes to burst open and spoil on the vines.

—Internal Revenue collections for the week ending Saturday, Sept. 2nd, 1882: $24,703,65.

—Last Saturday and Sunday were warm enough to come under the head of "heated term."

—It seldom happens that corn meal sells for a higher price than flour, but such is the case now.

—David Murchison, who was visiting relatives and friends in this place, has returned to his home in Texas.

—W. A. Lemly and family, C. B. Brooks and family and Miss Laura Lemly returned from Beaufort on last Saturday night.

—An exchange wants to know what is good for mosquitos. Blood is about the only thing that satisfies them about here.

—Elm Street Public School opened on Monday last with 35 scholars. Prospects good for a very full school. S. A. Hege, teacher.

—The Salem Cornet Concert Club serenaded in the Court-house Square and other places in Winston, on Tuesday night.

—This is represented to be an exceedingly favorable month to those who take any interest in the study of the stars.

—We saw some water melons the other day, raised in a branch bottom, that were as large and fine as any of the river melons.

—Miss Titze, of Lititz, Pa., who has been spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. J. A. Butner, left for her home on Monday evening.

—Our young friend, Lewis Snider, laid aside the reins on the Mt. Airy back line a few days last week and went on a trip across the mountains.

—Prof. D'Anna returned home on last Saturday night from Palermo, Italy, his native home, where he spent vacation this summer.

—Those living on the coast are rejoicing over the advent of the month of Septembe R. It means oysters in every imaginable way.

—The members of the colored Moravian church, in this place, held their Memorial Lovefeast on last Sunday afternoon. The services were conducted by Dr. Rondthaler.

—The family of Charles Teague, Esq., of this county, did the best business drying blackberries that we have heard of. His wife and two daughters dried over 800 lbs.

—Lewis Snider informs us that horses are bringing good prices in the mountain counties of Virginia. He says crops in that country are very fine.

—An exchange tells of a man who recently saw a snake twenty feet long running across a field, but the editor don't state how many drinks the man took before he got in a condition to see such a snake.

—The following persons were registered at Salem Hotel last week: T. C. Oakley, wife and son, of Durham, N. C., (will spend the remainder of the summer here); J. O. Hart, Lewisville, N. C.; Mrs. H. Puryear, daughter and son, Surry County, N. C.; Mrs. M. Cherry, Miss M. Cherry, Norfolk, Va.

—T. R. Purnell came up from Raleigh on Sunday night. He returned on Tuesday morning accompanied by his family who have been spending the summer here.

—Judging from the thump Tink makes when he turns a summersault his spinal column must be made of cast iron. His performance Saturday night fairly shook things.

—Salem Boys' School opened on Monday last with a very good attendance, over 30 scholars, and the prospects very encouraging, Rev. L. B. Wurreschke Principal, J. F. McCuiston, teacher.

—Dr. J. A. Butner started North on Monday evening last with a view of purchasing stock for the contemplated stock farm near Asheville, N. C. E. T. Clemmons is his partner in the business.

—Farmers are busy cutting grass this week. It is remarkably fine and heavy and rank, and in the language of an old farmer, "hard to cure." Hope they will have plenty of sunshine.

—Poetry on the fall season will be pretty much the same this year as last. The only perceptible difference in it will be that "rain" will have to be made to rhyme where "drought" did last season.

—A little girl taken to the show last week created a good deal of amusement among some of the spectators, when she saw the elephant, by exclaiming: "Look ma, see that big thing with its tail fastened on before it."

—A man died suddenly, near Wadesboro, on last Saturday night, from cramp colic, caused by drinking red lemonade at the circus.

Circus lemonade, the red kind in particular, is enough to give a man made of cast iron cramp colic.

—The honey bees were on a regular frolic on Main street, in the lower part of town, last Sunday morning, taking possession of several houses and stinging some of the inmates. An old citizen says they were drunk from sucking the juice of grapes.

—Some little negro boys who loaf about town have inaugurated an amusement that will soon bring them into trouble if they persist in practicing it. Their fun consists in placing the heads of parlor matches on the sidewalks to frighten persons who tread on and explode them.

—Rev. F. H. Johnston, of the Presbyterian church, Winston, occupied the pulpit in the Moravian church, in this place, on Sunday last, preaching a very able sermon. Dr. Rondthaler occupied Mr. Johnston's pulpit in the Presbyterian church, delivering a very able discourse.

—We learn that one night last week while the night-watch at the depot was going his rounds he discovered a person meddling with the door of a freight car loaded with goods. The person got frightened and ran off, and the watchman on going to the car found that the door had been broke open. Nothing however, was taken from the car.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—Prof. A. I. Butner, organized the Forsyth County Teachers' Institute on Tuesday last, with every prospect of a successful term of six weeks. Every teacher in the county should embrace this opportunity to "post up" preparatory to the opening of the public schools.

—A barrel was what he used to perform the dancing globe act, like the little girl in the circus. The board he used was ballanced on a fence. Two other boys assisted him in getting on the barrel. He made one movement, only one. He is now tucked in his little bed healing up so he can be on hand at the next circus and learn something else.

—John Wimmer, Jr., killed a snake in the country the other day, which was swallowing a little chicken at the time he attacked it. The snake had swallowed all but the head of the chicken when John broke its back which caused it to disgorge the chicken which ran off apparently unharmed. Next!

—A monster Spanish Mackeral is on exhibition at the Yarboro House. It was caught by a Salem lady, at Morehead and sent up by Dr. Blacknall yesterday. It is the largest ever seen here.—*Raleigh Visitor, 30th ult.*

Miss Lichtenthaeler is the lady who caught the fish the *Visitor* speaks about.

—Mr. Robert Carmichael, of this city, has been engaged as leader of an orchestra at Montgomery, Ala., and expects to leave about the middle of October next for his new home.—*Raleigh Visitor.*

Robert is a Salem boy, and we have often predicted a brilliant career for him as a musician. We wish our young friend success.

—On last Friday a farmer was relieved of three dollars by a couple of negroes, on the road beyond the bridge, and on Friday night a white man, on his way to Waughtown was attacked by the same couple but managed to escape before they got anything from him. On Saturday morning two negroes, supposed to be the same, gave Sam Ratcliff, (col.,) a lively race, but he managed to escape them.

—It is reported that partridges are plenty notwithstanding the wet summer. Sportsmen should obtain permission to hunt on the farms and thus avoid trouble. The farmers are opposed to poaching, particularly as private *fish ponds* are becoming popular. Every farmer can raise his own *carp*, as the populous pond of T. T. Best proves.

—On Wednesday, August 30th, our venerable friend, Jesse Mock, celebrated his 70th birthday in the midst of his family. Numerous connections greeted him on this occasion. Mr. Mock has been a faithful pillar of the Moravian church at Friedberg for a number of years. The dinner was an excellent one, and the good old moravian vesper was all that could be desired. [Com.]

—Master Chas. Cooper increases our County display for the State Fair with one or two pair of Seabright Bantams. We would urge our farmers and others, ladies as well as gentlemen, to bring in their articles to the Messrs. Fries, who will make a good display to the credit of our county. Bring in your specimens. Any interesting relics will be gladly received and taken care of by Messrs. Fries.

—A list of letters remaining in the Post Office, at Salem, N. C., Sept. 7th: Miss M. A. Armstrong, Geo. B. Blackwell, Esq., Ike Beck, J. J. Burk, S. F. Conrad, Esq., John Croom, G. W. Hall, Esq., Dr. L. H. Hill, Mrs. Mary, L. B. Hilton, Mrs. Sallie Johnson, Thos. Q. Lewis, James G. Wortz, C. C. Spelman, Joe Reid, H. L. Reed, Miss Becky Ann Stuard, Mrs. Wm. Taylor Thorn, Lewis Shouse, (col.), Miss Antoinett Tesh, Geo. S. Tollbott, E. Wilcox, Geo. Williard, Luther Wall.

H. L. SHORE, P. M.

—Some years ago it was customary among some of the boys to "run a fellow," as they called it. The fun consisted in taking any stranger who came to town and was "green" enough to fall into their trap, out into the country on some dark night and scaring him nearly out of his wits by having a party lay in ambush and fire off pistols when the stranger and the one who accompanied him out came near to where they were ambushed. The one who took the stranger out would always fall when the firing began and pretend that he was dead. The stranger, who had been told thrilling stories about highway robbers being on the road, would leave his dead companion and beat a hasty retreat back to town, increasing his speed as volley after volley was fired by the fellows in ambush. Reaching town he would have a terrible tale to tell of his narrow escape, which was listened to and much enjoyed by his tormentors who were always sure to be on hand. On one occasion the boys got hold of a fellow who they thought was a regular "greeny." They were so elated over the fun they were going to have out of him at night that one or the other of the party kept with him all day so that he should't get away from them. He "bit" at everything they told him, and when night came a young clerk, who dressed in broadcloth, parted his hair in the middle and got a salary of five dollars a month was deputized to take him to a party to be given a few miles from town. The supposed "greeny" was eager to go to a party, he said, and it needed no second invitation to urge him to go. All arrangements having been made the clerk and his charge started for the party. After getting about halt a mile from town, and when near a large mud hole, the horrible tale the clerk was telling his man about robbers was cut short by a volley fired from the roadside. The clerk gave a leap in the air, and as he fell with a heavy thud on the ground, exclaimed, "Oh Lord, I'm dead," and rolling on his back lay perfectly motionless. Another volley was fired, and when the boys in ambush looked to see their "greeny" skipping they found that he was not of the skipping sort, for instead of running he began trying to bring the dead clerk to life, by rubbing his face vigorously with the contents of a bottle which he held in his hand. Seeing no signs of life he seized the clerk and gave him such a ducking in the mud hole that breath came into his lungs so strong that his yelling was heard in town. The other boys seeing that they had got hold of the wrong customer left the clerk and his companion to settle things and went back to town. It took the clerk several weeks to get the lamp black and oil that the fellow rubbed on his face off, and his tailor received a month's wages from him for renovating his broadcloth.

HERMITAGE, No. 2, Sept. 4, 1882.

EDITORS PRESS:—As I understand, every one is invited to contribute his thoughts or suggestions, with regard to the next Agricultural or Wheat Fair, I, for one of a vast number, feel a deep interest in the matter, and think it will be the best thing we can do to advance every branch of agriculture. I shall now briefly say a few words to cause the young folks to take a greater interest in the next Fair. There should be separate premiums for boys and girls, say from the age of twelve to twenty-one years old. For boys, for one acre of the best white or red wheat, and for one acre of best tobacco. For the greatest yield, both white and red wheat, in five bushel samples, five dollars, and the second, three dollars. For the best two hundred pounds of tobacco raised on one acre, five dollars, second best, three dollars. Those contesting for these premiums shall do all the labor themselves, except curing their tobacco, and they ought to assist so as to learn how to cure their own tobacco, and that shall not include a part of a field that is intended for another premium.

Now for the girls, God bless them. I think the garden and truck patch ought to be their sphere of action. I would advise that a premium be given for ten garden vegetables, also water melons, musk melons and cantaloupes, as well as for flowers. That the premium of each lot of vegetables and melons be one dollar, and that there be several premiums for flowers and the highest be one dollar. Now to raise funds for the girls' premiums, I would suggest two floral exhibitions, one in the spring when strawberries are in their prime, in short, a strawberry festival, with ice cream, and boquets of the pretty flowers, &c., and auction them off to the young gents. I believe enough could be made to pay the premiums required at the Fair. But the principal floral exhibition should be in the fall or latter part of summer.

Now, to raise funds for boys' premiums. I would say raise the sum needed by subscription. Ask no one to give more than twenty-five cents nor take less a dime, and all that enter their names for premiums to pay twenty-five cents.

A FRIEND.

Suggestions to Farmers.

Messrs. Williamson & Smith, leaf tobacco and stem brokers, of Winston, have issued a circular to the farmers and planters of this section, and the border counties of Virginia, who sell their tobacco in the Winston market, in which they suggest a careful assorting and classifying of the better grades; and especially wrappers. They ask the farmers not to mix luggy nondescript and short leaves with good and fine wrappery leaves. The manufacturers for whom they buy large quantities of bright tobacco, are very anxious and desirous that tobacco should be uniform in color, body and size. Two much care cannot be given to the proper handling of the leaf. The suggestions of these gentlemen, if properly carried out, will be of great advantage to the planters, the buyer, and the manufacturer.

DAVIDSON COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.—A number of ministers and Sunday School workers met at Midway church in Davidson county on Tuesday, and continued in session during Wednesday of last week. The Davidson County Sunday School Association was organized by electing Rev. J. W. Lewis President, and Rev. ——— Heitman, Secretary. Other officers were elected and committees appointed.

The sessions of the Association were pleasant and profitable, and will doubtless accomplish much good for the Sunday School cause in the county. Rev. C. H. Wiley, D. D., of Winston, and J. A. Lineback, of Salem, were present, and contributed much to the interest of the occasion.

The Davidson County Auxiliary Bible Society also held its annual meeting at the same time and place.

—*Lexington Dispatch.*

Commissioners' Court.

MONDAY'S SESSION.—The Board of County Commissioners met in regular session on Monday and Tuesday and transacted considerable business. The usual number of releases from poll and exhorbitant taxes were granted. The list of Pauper Claims of the county for this month was lengthy, numbering 66, and the Board allowed and paid on the outside list the sum total of $254.53. It was also ordered that the Poor House claims, amounting to $332.94 be allowed and paid, which amounted to the sum total of $587.47 paid out this month on pauper claims.

In the matter of the petition of Dr. E. Kerner and others, for the laying out of a public road from Pink Tally's on the Hollow Road, to connect with Elm Street, in Kernersville, was taken up, and it being shown by the petition that sufficient reasons existed for said road, the Board ordered that the road, as stated above, be laid out. It was ordered further, that Julius King, Theo. E. Kerner, W. D. Stockton, W. H. Leak and Pink Tally, be appointed jurors to lay out the road, assess damages, if any, and report their proceedings at next meeting of the Board.

TUESDAY'S SESSION.—Ordered by the Board, that the following persons be appointed Registrars and Judges of an election to be held on the 7th day of November, 1882, the first mentioned names being Registrars and others four Judges:

Abbott's Creek.—J. H. Whicker, A. Pitts, Jno. Tucker, David Smith, Jno. M. Crews.

Belew's Creek.—F. Fulton, R. S. Linville, A. G. Voss, W. W. Fulp, James Lewis.

Bethania.—Jno. F. Anderson, N. F. Sullivan, Ed. Spease, Sol. Miller, J. H. Stoltz.

Broadbay.—Chas. Rothrock, J. W. McKaughn, P. E. Light, M. L. Charles, A. J. Snider.

Kernersville.—J. S. Ray, Jos. E. Kerner, G. W. Elliott, W. R. Griffith.

Lewisville.—J. P. Binkley, Geo. Mock, S. W. Craft, Thos. Warner, C. E. Harper.

Middle Fork.—P. A. Cox, Shade Morris, M. H. Ogburn, Jno. Beeson, J. P. Crews.

Old Richmond.—E. L. Reed, B. Sprinkle, W. Payne, H. B Holder, J. B. Vest.

Old Town.—C. H. Hauser, J. L. Pratt, J. L. Blackwell, J. H. Shore, Daniel Grubbs, Jr.

Salem Chapel.—T. M. Marshall, J. D. Waddell, Jr., Jas. Moore, Jesse Grubbs, C. F. Davis.

South Fork.—Jno. E. Faw, Wm. Ebert, W. L. Swaim, F. Brendle, E. W. Mullican.

Vienna.—H. R. Lehman, A. D. Stimpson, A. S. Conrad, Jacob Mock, J. B. Doub.

Salem.—J. F. Shaffner, H. W. Shore, J. L. Belo, J. G. Sides, M. V. Vogler.

Winston.—W. B. Johnson, Jacob Tise, S. H. Hodgin, H. A. Holder, J. S. White.

Ordered that new Registration Books and also Poll Books be ordered from the Secretary of State where needed for the Townships.

Ordered that a new Registration of the voters in Salem precinct, in Winston Township, be made by the Registrar in said precinct, and that the Clerk give 30 days notice in the PRESS of the same.

Ordered that Alsop & Bush be allowed to remove their Beer Saloon to the Grogan Store on Main Street, if they desire to do so.

A. E. Loeper applied for license to retail lager beer which will be granted by the Clerk upon certain requirements of the law being consented to and complied with.

The Board, after revising and purging the jury box, adjourned to meet again the first Monday in October next.

DIED,

In Lexington, N. C., on Monday last, SULLY WELFARE, a native of this place, and highly respected wherever known. He was the son of the late Daniel Welfare, well known as an artist in this vicinity. He was about 48 years old, and leaves a devoted wife and children, an aged mother, two sisters and numerous relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

On Wednesday of last week, near Mount Pleasant, Davidson county, Philip Clinard, aged about 70 years.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 Cents.

Entirely Satisfactorily.

Ladies wishing a perfume that combines novelty, delicacy and richness, finds Floreston Cologne entirely satisfactorily.

A Difficult Problem Solved.

The desire for stimulants is becoming a monstrous evil and how to overcome it is a serious question with reformers, Parker's Ginger Tonic fairly solves the difficult problem. It invigorates body and mind without intoxicating and has brought health and happiness to many desolate homes.—*Enquirer.* See other column.

ROLAND CHILLED PLOWS.

These Plows have genuine chilled mouldboards which are harder than steel.

Having the sloping landside, and reversible slip points, they are the best running and most economical Plow, to the farmer, of any made.

CHAMPION GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only Fertilizer attachment that will sow stickey phosphate. It is the simplest, lightest running and best Drill made.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

200 LBS. BRITISH MIXTURE E. B. WHITMAN BALTIMORE

This celebrated Fertilizer has gained its great popularity not only on account of the price, but because its effects are uniformly good, and it has been found to give more *Fertilizer* for each dollar paid than can be procured *from any other source.*

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No. 32.—2m.

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SEASONABLE GOODS

at the Boner & Crist old stand, in Salem, N. C. He will sell his goods as cheap as the cheapest for cash, dried fruit and good country produce

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street, New York.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but **act directly on the inflamed parts,** allaying irritation, give relief in **Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers** and **Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

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WINSTON, N. C., MAY 20TH, 1882.

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are separate from our RETAIL STORE, and are fitted up especially for the business. In these departments we carry a large and well selected stock of Goods, bought with an eye to the wants of the merchants of the surrounding country. Our prices compare favorably with those of the leading houses both in this State and in Richmond, Va. A large proportion of these goods we buy direct from first hands, in original packages, and not only secure the lowest prices obtainable, but also save all the discounts. We sell at Factory Prices:

T. Miles and Son's Philadelphia Hand Made Shoes,

J. & P. COATS' SPOOL COTTON. BELLEMONT.

ICRANITE & RANDLEMAN PLAIDS,

Fries' Jeans, Cottonades,

BUNCH COTTON & ARISTA SHEETING,

THOMASVILLE SHOES, &C,

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Dress Goods, Notions, Trimmings, Laces, Fringes, Hamburgs, Cottonades, Linen Drills, Jeans, Cassimeres, Clothing, Stetton Hats, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Umbrellas, Parasols. Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Leads, Syrup, Coffee, Sugar, Salt, Leather, Meat, Lard, Flour, Corn, Ship Stuff, Nails. Horse and Mule Shoes, Hoes, Mattocks, Grass Blades, Sythes and Cradles, Axes, Trace Chains, Tames, Locks, Screws, Butts. Saws, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Plows, Cutlery, Tin Ware, &c.

We buy WHEAT, OATS, RYE, CORN, PEAS, BEANS, FLAX SEED, EGGS, BUTTER, BEESWAX, FLOUR, DRIED FRUITS and all other salable produce.

We invite you to call and examine our stock and prices.

Very Respectfully,

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A combination of Protiodide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other iron preparations.

GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy, has in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians, have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. ROBERT SAMUELS.
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It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

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SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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North Carolina R.R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Feb. 19 1882.	No. 51. Daily.	No. 53. Daily
Leave Charlotte	3 58 a m	6 50 p m
" Salisbury	5 51 a m	8 51 p m
" High Point	7 20 a m	10 44 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 00 a m	11 26 p m
Leave Greensboro	8 25 a m	.....
Arrive Hillsboro	11 04 a m	.....
" Durham	11 45 a m	.....
" Raleigh	1 15 p m	.....
Leave	1 40 p m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 30 p m	.....

No. 17—Daily, except Saturday. Leave Greensboro 6 00 p. m. Arrive at Raleigh 3 04 a. m. Arrive Goldsboro 8 00 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 53.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily; at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Feb. 19, 188 .	No. 5 Daily	No. 52 Daily
Leave Goldsboro	10 20 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 40 p m	.....
Leave "	4 10 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 25 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	6 07 p m	.....
" Greensboro	8 50 p m	.....
Leave "	9 10 p m	a m
Arrive High Point	9 45 p m	a m
" Salisbury	11 08 p m	a m
" Charlotte	12 50 a m	11 35 a m

No. 18, D'lyex. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 2 50 p. m. Ar. Raleigh 7 10 p. m. Lv. Raleigh 5 00 a. m. Ar. Greensboro 2 20 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for Asheville, &c., at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A.-L. for points South and Southwest; at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 20 p m	8 30 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 36 p m	9 41 a m
" Salem	11 20 p m	10 15 a m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Salem	5 15 a m	6 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	5 50 a m	6 40 p m
" Greensboro	7 00 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 17 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 30 a m
Arrive Raleigh	10 15 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Raleigh	3 30 p m
Arrive University	5 15 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill	6 15 p m

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March, 16. 1882.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil or the farm,
Wheresoever you may be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

HE STOOD THE TEST.

"Who ever heard of such a beastly provision?" Valentine Thompson was saying, savagely. "I tell you, Stephen, I won't marry the girl if I never inherit a shilling of Uncle Harvey's money. I don't propose to be victimized merely for the gratification of an old man's whim, and it's nothing but a whim you know very well—some cranky notion he's got out of his everlasting novels.'

"Steady, my boy," his Cousin Stephen observed, with a quiet twinkle in his eye. "Perhaps you wouldn't consider yourself victimized if you were to see Miss Lulu. By Jove, Val, a fellow might be proud of such a wife."

"Not if he had been coerced into marrying her," was Val's hot-headed rejoinder. "That is one thing in which I will not brook interference. I shall marry whom I choose. I may as well say so first as last."

Stephen whistled softly to himself for a few moments, and then said:

"You absolutely refuse compliance—is that what I am to understand? Rather than marry Uncle Harvey's protege, you will forfeit your prospective inheritance, eh?"

"Exactly," replied Val, with scornful indifference. "When you go back to town you can tell him so."

"Don't be too hasty, my boy," Stephen remarked. "Hadn't you better see Miss Lulu before you make up your mind?"

"No," Val answered, without hesitation. "The conditions attending such a marriage would make it disagreeable under any circumstances. But I say, Stephen, you seem to have been quite struck with Miss Welwyn; why don't you marry her yourself?"

Stephen's face flushed slightly, and he moved uneasily in his chair.

"Oh, I'm a confirmed bachelor, Val," he said, with an awkward laugh. "You know I am not a marrying man."

"That is no reason why you shouldn't become one," Val said, stoutly, quite carried away by this new idea. "You could bear her off in triumph, and I've no doubt Uncle Harvey would be all the better satisfied if you were to be her husband. I'm a kind of a scamp, you know; but you, my dear Stephen, are a man of responsibility."

"Thanks; no, Val!" Stephen said, in his dry, humorous way. "You know I never did get along with the women, and I'd sooner be shot than court one!"

"Nonsense!" Val answered, enthusiastically. "I'll help you. Nothing easier, Stephen."

Stephen shook his head.

"That's one of the things in which there can be no co-operation, my dear boy," he observed.

"That's what inexperience says," Val rejoined. "I'll prove the contrary. Just let me see Miss Lulu. I'll make you the burden of my praises. I'll paint you as a little god on wheels. I'll extol you to the skies, till you present yourself to her mind as a hero of romance. Young girls are very susceptible to that sort of thing, Stephen. Just say the word, and I'll open the campaign at once."

"She won't have me, Val," Stephen said, but he was obviously wavering, and his cousin came down with several other reassuring arguments which won him over.

"If I really thought she would marry me," he said at last, "I might ask her. But I swear, Val, I'd sooner walk up to a cannon's mouth than have a woman say 'No' to me."

"Follow my advice," Val answered, confidently. "I'm an old stager, Stephen. For the present, just you go back to town, and tell Uncle Harvey that you have concluded to take the contract off my hands. By Jove! You're a brick, Stephen. You'll save me from penury, my dear fellow, for I swear I wouldn't marry Miss Welwyn under any consideration, though I have no doubt she is an angel."

"You will go down to Redner right away then?" Stephen inquired, when they were parting.

"To-morrow," Val replied, and he kept his word.

The next day at noon he found himself in the little library at Welwyn Woods, chatting with his hostess and one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. Val was a connoisseur in beauty, too.

"Your uncle told us," Mrs. Welwyn observed, cordially, "that your Cousin Stephen might be down with you. I am sorry he couldn't come."

"He hopes to get away after awhile," Val replied. "At present he is so entangled in engagements that he hasn't a moment's leisure. I never saw such vitality as his. He is perfectly indefatigable, though I know there isn't another man in town so much sought after."

"It seems strange," Mrs. Welwyn remarked, "that he should never have married."

"He is not easily charmed," Val said, with a laugh and a suggestive look at Miss Lulu. "The woman who wins him will have a great triumph."

These were the entering wedges, Val said to himself, and he deliberately laid in ambush for occasions to drive them deeper in.

It was not a disagreeable task, he found, for Miss Lulu was a charming listener; and there was something so novel in it that it was more diverting even than flirtation. He did a great many things on Stephen's account which he wouldn't have dared to do on his own.

It was quite delightful, indeed, to ramble through Welwyn Woods with such a companion, for he felt so much at ease in her society, having already set her apart in his mind as Stephen's wife. And there was a peculiar charm in the long afternoons on the lake, when he looked so persistently at the fair face under a broad Legborn, and reflected that this was to be his cousin.

So the days went gliding by, and Miss Lulu was courted, as Val said, "by proxy." He had kept his promise to Stephen, pouring into her ears the most glowing accounts of his merits, the most piquant recital of his doings, the most winning reviews of his wit.

Miss Lulu listened apparently in wide-eyed wonder, and Val wrote at last for Stephen to come down to Redner.

Of course it was understood that after that he was to leave his cousin in full possession of the field, but somehow he was not at all pleased when Stephen made the very reasonable suggestion that he should go away from Welwyn Woods altogether. In short, he went back to town in a very unamiable mood.

Everything was exceedingly dull just then, and Val was like a fish out of water. There was nothing to do but "sit around," as he said, and whenever he undertook to do that he fell to thinking of things that made him unaccountably savage. He began to wish he never had gone down to Redner, for it was evidently there that he had absorbed the germ of this unrest. It was some time before he knew what was the matter with him, and when he did he continued to oppose the conviction. It was too—too—too much like retribution that he should have fallen in love with Miss Lulu.

He went about in a very miserable frame of mind, though, haggard and petulant, cursing everything and everybody, but Fate and himself most of all. It had rather a startling effect upon him when Stephen burst into his room one day in a very ruffled state.

"Confound you, Val!" he exclaimed. "I knew you'd get me into difficulty!"

"What's the matter?"

"Why, I followed your advice to the letter, and what was the consequence?"

"You're engaged to Miss Lulu, I suppose?"

"Engaged? The deuce! She refused me on the spot. And—and some confounded meddlesome old busybody has gone and told her about Uncle Harvey. I haven't the ghost of a chance!"

"Thank God!"

This fervent exclamation rather staggered Stephen, you may suppose. He started at Val's white earnest face, as though it had been a phantom.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I—must—say—you're a fine fellow!"

Val had jumped up hastily. He went toward his cousin, and laid one hand heavily on his shoulder.

"I say, old fellow," he said in a husky voice, "you're not hard hit—are you? Because I am, you see. I wouldn't for the world go back on you, Stephen. You know that. If it makes much difference to you, I won't think of it, but—I love Lulu Welwyn with all my heart!"

Stephen stared hard at his cousin, but not unkindly.

"If I didn't know you so well, Val," he said, presently, "I'd knock you down."

"I know," Val replied, "it makes me look like a scoundrel; but, before God, Stephen, I didn't mean it."

Stephen took several hasty turns up and down the room, and then grasped his hand.

"It's all right, Val," he said cordially, "She wouldn't have me, anyhow. It don't make so much difference to a man of my age. God bless you, boy! Go and win her."

Val needed no second bidding. He was back at Welwyn Woods in two days' time. But he was bent upon a new purpose. He would win Lulu for himself—yes! But only on condition that he could not win her for Stephen.

She met him in the library, but not with her old cordiality.

"I have a singular errand, Miss Welwyn," he said, hurriedly, striving to conceal his emotion. "My cousin tells me you have refused his offer of marriage."

Lulu flushed slightly, but gave a dignified assent.

"May I ask," he went on earnestly, "whether you have fully considered your decision? My cousin is a man that any woman might be proud to win for a husband. He is a noble fellow. He will be rich some of these days, and he certainly is fine looking enough to suit the most fastidious taste. You cannot have fathomed the depth of his nature, Miss Welwyn, or you must have esteemed him more highly."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Thorne," she replied, coldly, "that I do not appreciate your perfect men. I never did."

"Stephen does not profess to be anything of the kind," he said, hastily. "You know yourself that he is the soul of modesty. I am speaking of him as I know he is, from long acquaintance with his character. From my heart I honor him, Miss Welwyn, and, as your best friend, might urge you to regard his suit with favor."

"Your cousin has an ardent champion, Mr. Thorne," she said, with the same frigid calmness; "but it is quite impossible for me to marry him. In the first place I do not love him; and, in the second, I would not marry any man who sought me as his wife only as a means to securing a fortune to his friend. Your cousin's conduct is most magnanimous so far as you are concerned, Mr. Thorne; but I must decline the honor he would confer on me."

"Upon my soul, Miss Welwyn," Val said, eagerly, "Stephen would not have lent himself to such a scheme if he had not cared for you. Nothing could have induced him."

Then, seeing the scornful smile that played about her lips, his own love leaped beyond all barriers of restraint, and he cried:

"You would not make that tell against me, too? I love you! Hear me! I refused to accede to my uncle's proposition, though he threatened to disinherit me if I would not marry you. I refused; but Stephen had seen you. He knew you as I did not, and he offered to take my place. Then I came here, and without intending it, I learned to love—to worship you. For Heaven's sake, believe me! What do I care for the money? It is you I want! If you will not marry Stephen, will you marry me? My happiness depends upon it, for I love you with my whole soul."

She trembled from head to foot, but she evaded his touch, and said, with studied indifference:

"I am sorry, Mr. Thorne, but I cannot accept all you say on faith. Confess yourself; it does seem as though the money were behind the persistent pursuit of my hand. Luckily, some of my friends had heard of your uncle's singular exactions. I appreciate the honor his preference does me; but I must decline it. There is no necessity, however, of your suffering in consequence. You have done your part, and your uncle must know that you can't marry me against my will."

Val stood before her with a pale, impassioned face.

"You do me a great wrong," he said, hoarsely. "I love you as truly as ever a man loved in the whole wide world. I swear it! You must believe me, for this is God's truth. Tell me—is there any way?—there must be a way in which I can prove it to you."

She paused a moment. There was something in his voice and manner which thrust conviction upon her, and her whole attitude changed. She turned toward him with sudden impetuosity.

"Yes," she cried, "I will believe you, Mr. Thorne, if—if you are willing to renounce your uncle's fortune for my sake."

"I will do it gladly," he answered, seizing her hand and covering it with kisses. "My darling, my sweet little darling!"

"But are you willing, Mr. Thorne," she asked, in a voice that trembled in spite of her efforts to control it, "are you willing to formally make over to your cousin your share of your uncle's money? There is pen and paper. I will marry you only upon condition that you sign such a contract."

Val had seized the pen while she spoke. In a few moments he had written and signed this:

"I, Valentine Thorne, do hereby formally renounce all claim upon the estate, real or personal, of my uncle, Harry Thorne, and do make over, unconditionally, to my cousin, Stephen R. Thorne, any bequest or inheritance that may accrue to me upon the death of the aforesaid uncle. This act to go in force upon the day of my marriage with Miss Lulu Welwyn.

"(Signed) VALENTINE THORNE."

He put this into her hands, saying: "This will leave me nothing but my love to give you."

"It is quite enough," she said, softly.

"Go and procure a witness," he said; "I want it perfectly legal."

She turned and went toward the door, but she paused on the threshold. The next instant, before he knew it, she had torn the paper in pieces and thrown it at her feet.

"I believe you, Val," she cried, holding out her arms toward him, "I believe you!"

He drew her to his heart with a face that shone.

"I will give up anything for you, my love," he said, in a low tone. "There is nothing in this world half so dear to me as yourself, my own little treasure!"

But he gave up nothing, in fact, for old Mr. Thorne, whom they agreed not to inform any better, supposed his dutiful nephew was merely acting in obedience to his expressed wish, and a handsome bundle of stock and bonds was forthcoming on Val's wedding day.

"I shall do my courting by myself next time," was Stephen's observation; and he carried it out with the best of results. Twelve months later he married a charming girl whom, as he said, Providence had been keeping for him all the time.

A Fearful Position.

A Geneva (Switzerland) correspondent writes: "A few days since two schoolmasters from Morzine, a Savoyard village near the Swiss frontier, made an excursion to the Col de Coux, not far from Champery, in the Valais. As they were descending the mountain, late in the afternoon, they thought they heard cries of distress. After a long search they perceived a man holding on to a bush, or small tree, which had struck its roots into the face of the precipice. As the precipice was nearly perpendicular, and the man was some 1,200 feet below them, and the foot of the precipice quite as far below him, they found it impossible to give the poor fellow any help. All they could do was to tell him to stay where he was—if he could—until they came back, and hurry off to Morzine for help. Though it was night when they arrived thither, a dozen bold mountaineers, equipped with ropes, started forthwith for the rescue. After a walk of twelve miles they reached the Col de ta Golese, but it being impossible to scale the rocks in the dark, they remained there until the sun rose. As soon as there was sufficient light they climbed by a roundabout path to the top of the precipice. The man was still holding on to the bush. Three of the rescue party, fastened together with cords, were then lowered to a ledge about 600 feet below. From this coign of vantage two of the three lowered the third to the bush. He found the man, who had been seated astride his precarious perch a day and a night between life and death. It was a wonder how he had been able to hold on so long, for beside suffering from hunger and cold, he had been hurt in the fall from the height above. He was a reserve man belonging to Sameons on his way thither from Lausanne, where he was working, to be present at a muster. Losing his way on the mountains between Thonon and Sameons, he had missed his footing and rolled over the precipice. He had the presence of mind to cling to the bush, which broke his fall, but if the two schoolmasters had not heard his cries he must have perished miserably. Hoisting him to the top of the precipice was a difficult and perilous undertaking, but it was safely accomplished. None of the man's hurts were dangerous, and after a long rest and a hearty meal or two, he was pronounced fit to continue his journey and report himself at the muster."

Barbarities of Modern War.

The history of bombarding towns affords an instance of actual deterioration in the usages of modern warfare. Regular or simple bombardment, that is, of a town indiscriminately and not merely of its fortresses, has now become the established practice. Yet what did Vattel say in the middle of the last century? "At present we generally content ourselves with battering the ramparts and defenses of a place. To destroy a town with bombs and red-hot balls is an extremity to which we do not proceed without cogent reasons." What said Vauban still earlier? "The fire must be directed simply at the defenses and batteries of a place * * * and not against the houses." Then let us remember the English bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, when the cathedral and three hundred houses were destroyed; the German bombardment of Strasburg in 1870, where rifled mortars were used for the first time, and the famous library and picture gallery destroyed; and the German bombardment of Paris, about which, strangely enough, even the military conscience of the Germans was struck, so that in the highest circles doubts about the propriety of such a proceeding at one time prevailed from a moral point of view. With respect again to sacred or public buildings, warfare tends to become increasingly destructive. It was the rule in Greek warfare to spare sacred buildings; and the Romans frequently spared sacred and other buildings, as Marcellus, for instance, at Syracuse. Yet when the French ravaged the Palatinate in 1689, they not only set fire to the cathedrals, but sacked the tombs of the ancient emperors at Spiers. Frederick II. destroyed the finest buildings at Dresden and Prague. In 1814 the English forces destroyed the capitol at Washington, the President's house, and other public buildings; and in 1815 the Prussian general, Blucher, was with difficulty restrained from blowing up the bridge of Jena at Paris and the pillar of Austerlitz. There is always the excuse of reprisals or accident. Yet Vattel had said (in language but which repeated the language of Polybius and Cicero): "We ought to spare those edifices which do honor to human society, and do not contribute to the enemy's strength, such as temples, tombs, public buildings and all works of remarkable beauty."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Wonderful Fortress.

Fortress Monroe, Va., is the largest single fortification in the world. It has already cost over $3,000,000 of money. The water battery is considered to be one of the finest pieces of miliary construction in the world. Colonel Lodor, the instructor of the military school, has invented and perfected some astonishing appliances that, when he shall have guns, will be of immense value in handling them. In one of the casements inside the fort is his office. He can sit in it and, with an electric appliance, cause every gun in the fort to be fired simultaneously. He has perfected another set of instruments by which the exact distance of a ship from the shore may be accurately determined, the velocity and direction of the wind, the consequent deflection of the ball, and the precise point at which the ball will strike the ship. The guns are fired by electricity.—*Industrial South.*

Nantucket has a girl pilot only seventeen years old. Knows all the buoys in the sound, you can bet.

SUNDAY READING.

A Baptist General Conference.

The leading arrangements for a general Baptist conference or congress, to discuss social and moral topics in connection with church work, have been completed, and the gathering will be held in Brooklyn, on November 14, 15 and 16. This will be the first gathering of the kind by that denomination in this country. It will follow the plan of the congresses held by the Protestant Episcopal church. It will bring together the most eminent divines in the Baptist church. Similar congresses have been held by the Baptists in England for a number of years in each autumn, and have been especially devoted to the numerous religious topics which lie outside of the purely denominational themes which are usually discussed at the annual meetings of Baptist associations. The inauguration of something similar here has been under consideration for some months in various parts of the country, till at a recent assemblage of representative ministers of the denomination from the leading cities, it was decided to hold the first meeting in Brooklyn, that being a central situation with many strong and influential Baptist churches. It is expected that this will be the largest and most representative gathering of the Baptists in the United States ever held. The place of meeting will be the First Baptist church at Clinton and Pierrepont streets, of which Rev. Dr. J. B. Thomas is pastor. This church has one of the finest and largest auditoriums in the city, where the greatest possible number can hear and see in the best manner. Among the topics already determined upon are the following: "Race and Religion on the American Continent;" "The Economies of Missionary Effort;" "The Church and the Children;" "Skeptical Drifts in Modern Thought;" "Diversity of Opinions within the Limits of Denominational Unity;" "Taxation of Church Property;" "Modern Evangelism." Under the general title of Christianity and the poor "there are two divisions," one the "Labor Question," the other, "Charities." The consideration of so wide a range of topics bearing almost exclusively upon the problems of daily life cannot fail to arouse a wide interest, and add largely to the sum of religious knowledge in general.

Religious Intelligence.

Harrison, the "boy preacher," is nearly thirty years old.

The Methodist Episcopal church is gaining ground in Switzerland.

It is estimated that 41,000,000 of the present population of India are Mohammedans.

A conference of the Protestant missionary societies in India will be held at Calcutta during Christmas week.

Walter C. Jones, a munificent Englishman, has recently given $360,000 for missions in China and Japan.

"I swear it upon my honor and conscience," is the form of the legal oath in France, now that the name of God has been stricken from it by a vote of 338 to 108 in the chambers.

In answer to a call for pieces of silver and gold, of which to make a communion service for the Church of the Holy Communion in St. Louis, twelve and a half pounds of silver and an ounce of gold were given, from which a paten, flagon, two chalices and large alms basin were made.

In one immense tenement house in Berlin resides 1,258 persons, and a religious census of the house shows that 1,073 of the tenants belong to the Evangelic Lutheran church, 132 to the Roman Catholic church and twenty-six to the Jewish, while twenty-seven are dissenters of various shades.

The revision of Luther's Bible, begun in 1863, has just been finished. Of the thirty original members of the revision committee but fourteen live to see the revision completed. The work is now to be printed and submitted to the university faculties, for criticism. It will probably be ready for the public in about two years.

Gambling at Long Branch.

Gambling is the great Long Branch diversion this year, says Clara Belle, in one of her letters, and women are taking a hand in. They don't go to the club-houses, of course, but they play poker in their own rooms. This is too bad. No woman can lose six cents in one pot without losing her temper, and some day, when a pretty one drops a whole dollar on a single hand there'll be frightful bloodshed. Betting has become common among the better sex. It is positively shameful to see two gentle creatures get to arguing as to whether the lace on "that lady's dress over there" is thread or imitation, and then bet the ice-cream on it. I was stakeholder yesterday, for example, in an affair of two dollars in amount. The question at issue was whether Miss H. could milk a cow. She said it was easy enough, and her opponent said it wasn't. We rode a mile back into the country and coaxed a farmer into letting the experiment be tried on a mild-eyed cud-chewer of his stock. Miss H. wore a bright blue dress of satine, cut in the Watteau style, and all over terrific Japanese figures. Perhaps that dazed the cow, and was the reason why she wouldn't "h'ist," nor "stan' still, durn ye," nor "give down," nor do any of the other proper things that she was commanded by her owner to do. Miss H. couldn't make it work at all for awhile, and the first spurt of milk, coming quite unexpectedly while the aim was averted, took her right in the eyes. But finally, after much torture for the beast and amusement for the spectators, the stipulated quart cup was filled.

A Novel Suggestion.

The Cleveland *Leader* publishes a column editorial article advocating the employment of bees as aids to the police in suppressing disorder in cities. The *Leader* says:

All that is necessary to be done is for the police to keep on hand a supply of bee-hives filled with the most stingy kind of bees. It may be difficult to feed them on flowers, but that ought to be overcome. Sugar, honey and molasses are good substitutes for flowers. In case of a riot all a policeman needs to do is to take three or four hives in a wagon and drive in the midst of a mob and dump his hives, and then beat a precipitate retreat. In comparison to these hives of bees, all the military, Gatling guns or armed police would be as nothing in point of efficiency in scattering a mob and sending them all howling to their homes! Men can face revolvers, cannons, guns and all other implements of warfare, but they will run before a swarm of vindictive bees! Bees cost nothing, comparatively, and besides no lives will be lost. If the Pittsburg police had only twenty hives of bees during the great riot of '77, and turned them loose, the streets would immediately have become as quiet as a Sabbath morning!

The Suez Canal.

The Suez canal is eighty-five miles long, 327 feet wide at the top, seventy-two feet at the bottom and twenty-six feet deep. The total cost was $57,000,000; the toll charges are two dollars per ton for merchandise and two dollars per head for passengers, and the total receipts for 1881 were $10,200,000.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Propagation of Plants by Cutting.

The conditions required for propagating plants by cuttings or slips are very nearly the same, as far as temperature and soil go, as are found to give the best results in raising from seeds. In fact, it makes but little difference what the soil is for rooting cuttings, provided it is porous. We have experimented with nearly everything, and find there is little choice, although it is our practice to use ordinary building sand, as it is cleaner to work with than anything else, and when watered never gets muddy, as a heavier soil would do. But do not suppose for a minute that sand is indispensable to the rooting of cuttings, for if the conditions of temperature are right, and the condition of the cuttings is right, they will root in almost any material in which they are placed. The temperature required is very similar to that in which seeds should be germinated. If of a hardy mixture, they will do nicely in a temperature averaging sixty degrees, but if of a tender or tropical nature then the temperature should not average less than seventy-five degrees. For example, you can very easily root cuttings of geraniums, roses, verbenas, petunias, carnations and others of what are known as "greenhouse plants' in a temperature averaging sixty degrees; but if we attempt to root coleus, bouvardias, begonias and other plants whose nature is tropical at that temperature, they will be almost certain to fail, and success can only be complete at a temperature ranging from seventy to eighty degrees. Much depends on the condition of the cutting. I believe I was the first to introduce what is known as the snapping condition of the cutting. That is, when the shoot of a verbena, geranium, fuschia, begonia, stevia or plants of that character, is bent, if it breaks or snaps clean off, then it is in the proper condition for rooting; if it bends it is not. Not that the bent cutting would not root, but that it would take longer to root, and make a feebler plant when it did root than one that had the proper conditions for the forming of roots.

Florists use what are called propagating benches for rooting cuttings when wanted on a large scale, as they usually are by them; but when an amateur not having greenhouse facilities wishes to root a few slips, there is no process that we can recommend better than what is known as "the saucer system," which even at the risk of telling it to some of your readers who already understand it, I must again repeat, as there is no other plan that is so simple and so safe. Take any common saucer or plate, into which put sand to the depth of an inch or so. Then prepare the cuttings in the usual manner and place them in the sand close enough to touch each other. The sand is then to be watered so as to bring it into the condition of mud. The saucer thus filled with slips may be placed on the window-sill and exposed to the sun. The cuttings must be fully exposed to the sun and never shaded. But one condition is absolutely essential to success; until the cuttings take root the sand must be kept continually saturated with water, and always in the condition of mud. To do this the slips must be watered at least once a day with a very fine rose watering-pot, and the watering must be done very gently, else the cuttings may be washed out. There is every certainty that ninety-nine per cent. of the cuttings put in will take root, provided they were in the proper condition when placed in the saucer, and that the temperature has not been lower than sixty degrees for greenhouse plants or less than eighty degrees for tropical plants. By the saucer system a higher degree of temperature may be maintained without injury than by any other system of propagation, as the cuttings in reality are placed in water, and will not wilt provided the water is not allowed to dry out. Still the tender slip until rooted will not endure a long continuation of very high temperature, and we would advise that propagation be done at such seasons that they may have as near as possible a uniform temperature of seventy-five or eighty degrees in the sunlight. When rooted they should be potted in dry soil, such as is recommended for sowing seeds in. They should be placed in pots not exceeding two and a half inches in diameter and treated carefully by shading and watering for two or three days.—*Peter Henderson.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Clover is an excellent preparatory crop for wheat.

Feed the corn crop, and cultivate often and not deeply.

Now is the time to watch for vermin in the poultry-houses.

Good timber on rough or rocky land will pay better than if it was in grass.

It is not proper to expose stock because it is summer. Good shelter is necessary at all times.

A correspondent says he knows by two years' successful experience that a dash of soapsuds is death to currant worms.

A young animal is very often spoiled by becoming too fat, for its food is diverted from the production of bone and muscle to the accumulation of fat.

The education of the horse should be commenced in early colthood. The treatment should be firm but gentle, very much as in the training of children.

Unless an orchard is designed for commercial purposes there is no special advantage in setting out all the trees at once. It is better, in many respects, to plant the trees at different periods.

Newly weaned pigs should be fed every four hours, at least let them get five meals a day. After a week or two omit one meal and ten days later on another. They will then do with three regular meals a day.

It is said that foot-rot and other diseases to which sheep are subject occur much less often among flocks which are pastured on rather rough ground, and particularly where they have to climb hills to get their grazing.

A preparation made with one pound of soap (soft or hard) with an ounce of carbolic acid crystals dissolved in water will destroy vermin, itch, scurf and mange. The preparation as given above should be diluted in warm water before being applied to the animal, and it will then not injure the hair.

Orchards are far preferable to open fields for poultry farm purposes. The shelter of the leaves in summer is very beneficial. Worms and caterpillars falling from the trees are consumed, windfalls are made use of instead of harboring vermin, which again creep up and destroy good fruit.

At three feet apart each way there are 4,860 hills on an acre. Potatoes yielding only one bushel to every thirty hills would give upward of 160 bushels per acre. That this is much above the average crop, even in good years, shows how great are the possibilities for improvement in potato growing.

A piece of rye near a poultry-house is very useful during the fall and spring, and sometimes in the winter, as a hen pasture. The sowing of grain in poultry yards is also an excellent plan. What is scratched out will be eaten up clean, and plenty of scratching and green food are what fowls need.

Dr. Lawes thinks that the United States farmer will be wise in using phosphates for the growth of corn so long as they continue to give him a good crop; and at all events if they fail to do this they will remain in the soil and can at any time be made available for vegetation by the use of some nitrogenous manure; whereas an application of ammonia or nitrates is irretrievably lost if not taken up by the growing crop.

An Indiana farmer tried four different fertilizers for melons—poultry droppings, well rotted cow manure, barnyard manure and old bones, gathered upon the farm and reduced by placing them in alternate layers with ashes the previous year, mixing all liberally in the different hills, which were eight feet apart each way, and he says: "Such a crop of melons as came from the hills that had the bone dust I never saw before."

One of the common small wastes of a farm, says a writer, arises from careless binding and shocking grain. Sheaves fall to pieces or shocks overturn, and grain is wasted as well as much time. See that the bands are strong enough, long enough and well bound, and the shocks well put up and safely capped. Although the caps may not be needed yet the grain is safe, and in case of a sudden thunder shower one can rest easy, knowing that no harm can happen to the crop.

A correspondent of the *Fruit Recorder* says that cotton soaked in turpentine and hung among the branches of plum trees just as the blossoms are falling, and frequently renewed until the plums are half grown, will effectually protect the fruit from the depredations of the curculio. If gum camphor or any of the essential oils, such as peppermint, pennyroyal, safras, etc., are dissolved in the turpentine it produces an odor so strong that it becomes intolerable to all insects.

The *Country Gentleman* says: "L. A. Goodman described a successful experiment performed by Mr. Hopkins to prevent injury to fruit by drought. He subsoiled one acre of land sixteen inches deep, planted it with strawberries, and covered them with straw in winter. The following summer was extremely dry, but the strawberries were so little affected that the heavy crop of fine, large berries sold for over $600. Mr. Goodman in recommending the practice of subsoiling to prevent the bad effects of drought, urges the importance of continuing the cultivation the season through, after the deep subsoiling, stirring the soil after every rain. Merely breaking up hard ground in summer, and then beginning to cultivate, will do no good at all, but rather injury. Many patches of berries are ruined by this treatment. The work must be commenced in spring and continue the season through."

Recipes.

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—Remove the skins from a dozen tomatoes, cut them up in a saucepan, add a little butter, pepper and salt when sufficiently boiled, beat up five or six eggs, and just before you serve turn them into the saucepan with the tomatoes and stir one way for two minutes, allowing them time to be done thoroughly.

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Slice as for cold slaw and stew in a covered saucepan till tender; drain it, return it to the saucepan, add a gill or more of rich cream, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste; let simmer for two or three minutes, then serve. Milk may be used by adding a little more butter; or have a deep spider hot, put in the sliced cabbage, pour quickly over it a pint of boiling water, cover close and cook for ten minutes, then pour off water, add half a pint of rich milk. When the milk boils stir in a teaspoon of flour, moistened with a little milk; season, cook a moment and serve.

BOILED DINNER.—Put meat on, after washing well, in enough boiling water to just cover; as soon as it boils set kettle on the stove where it will simmer or boil very slowly; boil until almost tender, then put in the vegetables in the following order: Cabbage cut in quarters, turnips of medium size cut in halves, and potatoes whole, or if large cut in two. Peel the potatoes and turnips and allow to lie in cold water for half an hour before using. The meat should be well skimmed before adding vegetables; boil together until thoroughly done (adding a little salt before taking out of kettle), when there should be left only just water enough to prevent burning, take up vegetables in separate dishes, and lastly the meat. If there is any juice in the kettle pour it over the cabbage. Boil cabbage an hour, white turnips and potatoes half an hour. Parsnips may be substituted in place of cabbage and turnips, cooking them three quarters of an hour. A saucer turned upside down, or a few iron tablespoons, are useful to place in the bottom of the kettle to keep the meat from burning.

LEG OF MUTTON.—The following two modes of cooking a leg of mutton may be acceptable to economical housekeepers: (1) Boiled Shank.—Cut the leg of mutton cleanly across the meat and bone from the shank down, with as much meat as will suffice for the meal. Rub it and flour it all over, but specially the cut meat surface. Plunge it at once into a saucepan or pot of boiling water to cover it, together with some salt, a few grains of pepper and a bunch of parsley. Draw away from the fire and allow the water to cool almost completely; then put once more on the fire and cook slowly, according to weight, till quite done to taste. Serve with parsley, onions, caper, sorrel or any sauce preferred; garnish with meat or potatoe rissoles. The flour and the plunging into boiling water will prevent the juice from escaping and the meat will cut just as finely as from a whole boiled leg of mutton. (2) Mutton Steak.—From the rest of the leg of mutton cut cleanly and evenly a slice from the full round of from two to three inches thick. Pepper and flour both sides at once and insert a piece of shalot onion into the bone eye. Broil the meat slowly on a beefsteak griddle or pan, covering the upper surface with chopped beef marrow, butter or mutton kidney fat. Prepare a brown gravy with fried shalots, brown stock, a few peppercorns, two cloves, some lemon rings or juice or a spoonful of terragon vinegar. Strain, add a few split cloves or pounded anchovies and serve with pats of mashed potatoes, turnips, parsnips or any suitable vegetable.

About Spectacles.

Those who are compelled to wear spectacles are often the victims of a good deal of personal ridicule nowadays; but time was when it was considered fashionable to wear them, even by people who were not in the least nearsighted. In Spain they formed part of the costume of every well-bred person. This absurd use of glasses was meant to increase the gravity of the appearance, and consequently the veneration with which the wearer of them was regarded. A young monk having, through the assistance of his family, caused his convent to succeed in an important law suit, thought himself liberally rewarded when the prior, having embraced him, said, to testify his gratitude: "Brother, put on spectacles!" The glasses of spectacles were proportioned in size to the rank of the wearer; those worn by the Spanish nobles were nearly three inches in diameter. The Marquis of Astorigo, viceroy of Naples, after having his bust sculptured in marble, particularly enjoined the artist not to forget his beautiful spectacles.

A policeman was shot while on duty at Fargo, Dakota. Before dying, he said that the bullet came from the residence of Jack Knudson, a bad character. A mob hunted Knudson all night, and would have hanged an innocent man if they had found him, but in the morning a woman explained that it was she who fired on the officer, mistaking him for a burglar.

Bartholdi, designer of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," to be placed in New York harbor, is a man of great wealth, and has given $20,000 of his own fortune to defray the expenses of constructing the hugh monument.

Greatest Discovery since 1492.
For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood-purifier and strength-restorer or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive conditions of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

THE first appearance of cotton as an article of commerce was a shipment of seven bales from Charleston, S. C., in 1757.

What's Saved is Gained.
Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

THE Chinese merchants of Portland, Oregon, have formed a union to protect their business interests.

Young, middle-aged or old men suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A GRAIN or two of salt snuffed up into the nose when that useful organ is "stuffed up" will afford relief.

Malarial Fever.
ERIE, PA., July 18, 1881.
H. H. WARNER & CO.: *Sirs*—Your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has entirely cured me of malarial fever of two years' standing, for which I could never find any relief. MISS KATE KING.

THERE are 201,186 farmers in New York State who occupy and cultivate their own farms.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

The Frazer Axle Grease
Is the best in the market. It is the most economical and cheapest, one box lasting as long as two of any other. One greasing will last two weeks. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, also medals at various State fairs. Buy no other.

25 Cents Will Buy
a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by New York Newspaper Union, 150 Worth Street, New York.

"Rough on Rats."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Great improvements have recently been made in Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great natural hair renewer, perfect as an exquisitely perfumed hair dressing and restorer. Sold by all druggists.

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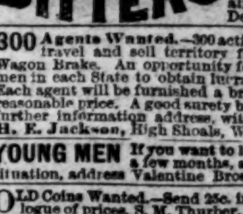
THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beef Cattle—Good to Prime, l.w	10	@ 12½
Calves—Com'n to Prime Veals	6	@ 9
Sheep	4½	@ 5½
Lambs	6	@ 7½
Hogs—Live	8½	@ 8⅝
Dressed, city	11½	@ 11¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	4 75	@ 7 75
Western, good to choice	5 30	@ 8 85
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 15¾	@ 1 16¾
No. 1 White	1 15	@ 1 20
Rye—State	75	@ 79
Barley—Two-rowed State	1 07	@ 1 12½
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	87	@ 88¾
Yellow Southern	92	@ 92
Oats—White State	73	@ 78½
Mixed Western	65	@ 68
Hay—Prime Timothy	70	@ 95
Straw—No. 1, Rye	60	@ 65
Hops—State, 1881, choice	50	@ 52
Pork—Mess, new, for export	21 25	@ 21 25
Lard—City Steam	12 50	@ 12 50
Refined	13 00	@ 13 10
Petroleum—Crude	6⅜	@ 6⅜
Refined	7½	@ 7½
Butter—State Creamery	22	@ 26
Dairy	16	@ 20
Western Im. Creamery	19	@ 23
Factory	15	@ 17½
Cheese—State Factory	6	@ 11¼
Skims	2	@ 5½
Western	7	@ 10½
Eggs—State and Penn	23	@ 24
Potatoes—L. I., bbl	1 75	@ 2 25
BUFFALO.		
Steers—Light to fair	4 85	@ 5 40
Lambs—Western	5 25	@ 6 00
Sheep—Western	5 00	@ 5 25
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	7 50	@ 8 25
Flour—C'y Ground N. Process	8 25	@ 9 00
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 47	@ 1 47
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	85	@ 85
Oats—No. 2 Mix. West	64	@ 65
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@ 90
BOSTON.		
Beef—Extra plate and family	18 00	@ 20 00
Hogs—Live	8¾	@ 9¼
Hogs—City Dressed	10½	@ 10¾
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	19 50	@ 20 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	7 50	@ 8 75
Corn—High Mixed	93	@ 94
Oats—Extra White	72	@ 73
Rye—State	85	@ 90
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	46	@ 48
Unwashed " "	28	@ 30
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.		
Beef—Extra quality	7 75	@ 8 75
Sheep—Live weight	4½	@ 6¼
Lambs	6	@ 7¼
Hogs, Northern, d. w	10½	@ 10¾
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	5 50	@ 5 50
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 14	@ 1 14
Rye—State	97	@ 97
Corn—State Yellow	69½	@ 69½
Oats—Mixed	69	@ 69
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	26	@ 26
Cheese—New York Full Cream	9½	@ 10
Petroleum—Crude	6	@ 7
Refined	7	@ 7



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YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

OLD Coins Wanted.—Send 25c. in stamps for catalogue of prices. S. M. Thurber, E. Worcester, N.Y.

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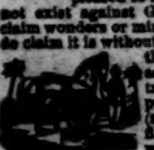

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for all diseases of the *human, fowl and animal flesh.* Shake well before using.

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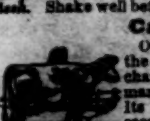

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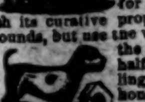

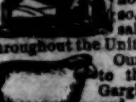

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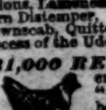

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Get up Clubs for our CELEBRATED TEAS, and secure a beautiful "Moss Rose or Gold Band Tea Set," (44 pieces,) our own importation. One of these beautiful Tea Sets given away to the party sending a Club for $25.00. Beware of the so-called "CHEAP TEAS" that are being advertised—they are dangerous and detrimental to health—slow poison. Deal only with reliable Houses and with first hands if possible. No humbug.
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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint of food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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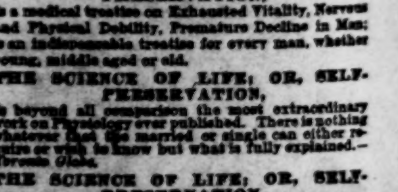

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